THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XII. NO. 46. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1893.—TWELFTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN.

Brilliant Sketch of the Heroic Career of the Immortal Warrior By An American Writer In a Western Journal.

He Ranked Next to Grant in the War of the Rebellion, and His Victory at Cedar Creek Was a Greater Military Achievement Than Napoleon's at Marengo.

[Seattle, Wash., Post-Intelligencer, Oct. 20.]

Last Thursday was the anniversary of the Union victory of Cedar Creek, the brightest rose in the chaplet of Sheridan, the greatest soldier of the war save Grant. It is true that he never commanded to exceed 50,000 men, but that was as many as Bonaparte had when he won his most brilliant fame in the campaign of 1796. From Perryville, where Sheridan first commanded a division of infantry in a pitched battle, to Cedar Creek, includes about two years of fighting, and in every instance it is Sheridan who carries off the honors of the day, whether he commands infantry, cavalry or all three arms of the service. He is the savior of Buell's centre at Perryville, the savior of Rosecrans' army at Stone River, the spear head of Grant's assault on Bragg's centre at Missionary Ridge, the foiler of Lee's turning movement at the Wilderness, the victor of Winchester and Fisher's Hill and the incarnate genius of battle at Cedar Creek

At Cedar Creek Sheridan reinforced his beaten army by one single man, Sheridan, and lo! victory flew like a bird from the side of the enemy and perched on his shoulder. The spectacle of a single man furiously riding to the front of a beaten army, and by his mere voice and presence halting a long, rolling stream of fugitives and make them rush eagerly back into a battle they had fled from, is the spectacle of a man who has the gift of leadership; and the spectacle of that man reorganizing those fugitives and venturing to wrest victory from the enemy is the figure of a man of such exceptional military eye, hand, moral courage and coolness [illegible] will describe it save the word genius.

According to the maxims of military prudence as found in the books Sheridan ought to have been content to hold his ground and stand off the enemy, but he took counsel of his robust brain and stout heart and Cedar Creek is a more wonderful exploit than Marengo, for Dessix brought up 6,000 fresh men to change Napoleon's defat into victory, while the only reinforcements that Sheridan brought up were the fugitives who had run away from Wright, but eagerly ran back with Sheridan.

At Winchester, a month before Cedar Creek, Sheridan sends in Upton's brigade just at the critical moment, restores his broken lines, strikes Early in the flank and saves the day. At Cedar Creek when the Nineteenth corps recoils, it is Sheridan that personally heads McMillan's brigade and skillfully strikiug at the re-entrant angle of Early's line, smashes it and wins the day; it is Sheridan, who, when fallin back with his cavalry before the Confederate infantry to Dinwiddie Courth use suddenly makes a detour and strikes his pursuers unexpectedly in flank and rear; it is Sheridan that, at Five Forks, personally rides to the front and restores Warren's recoiling line and sends it in a sudden wave of fury over the enemy's entrenchments. It is Sheridan who is first in the hunt of Lee, and hunts him to death. In fencing for an opening he was catious and cunning as Fabius; in battle he thought with the acuteness and acted with the energy and coolness of Marlborough, but in pushing a charge to the death he fairly raved, shouted and gesticulated so fiercely as to make in one instance a wounded man ride back into action and fall dead in the effort—so electric and contagious was Sheridan's enormous nervous energy of body and mind. He could patiently fence with Early for five weeks to get an opportunity for a home thrust, but when he struck he wielded his whole army like the battle ax of Richard Lion Heart, using either hand with equal skill and strength, whether he struck his enemy's helmet or rained blows upon his breast plate.

The English and German military men have ignorantly rated Sheridan as "distinctively a cavalry commander of genius," when in fact his genius was for infantry, for he fought his cavalry at every opportunity as mounted infantry, moving them rapidly to the point of attack and then dismounting them for battle. This foreign description of Sheridan is about as absurd as it would be to describe Bonaparte as "distinctively an artillery general." Sheridan was one of the great generals of history, and any soldier to be a great general must be distinctively a great commander and maneuverer of infantry, for infantry are the heart, loins and limbs of an army, while the cavalry are its eyes and with artillery its sidearms.

Sheridan's service as a commander of cavalry was incidental, while his service as a commander of infantry and, indeed, of all three arms of the service stood for nine-tenths of his military career in the field. His first Indian service in Oregon and Washington from 1855 to 1861 was with the Fourth infantry. It was as commander of a division of infantry that he captured his laurels at Perryville, and it was his skillful use of his artillery that by its enfilading fire saved McCook's corps from ruin. It was as a commander of a division of infantry that Sheridan rescued Rosecrans from rout and ruin at Stone River; it was as a commander of a division of infantry that Sheridan won Winchester and Fisher's Hill; it was as a commander of infantry that he restored the battle of Cedar Creek and broke the lines of the victorious foe; it was as a commander of infantry and cavalry that Sheridan bit off Lee's right flank at Five Forks; it was as a commander of infantry and cavalry that Sheridan at Sailor's Creek (April 6, 1865), forced the Confederate rear guard, 7,000 strong, under Ewell, to surrender.

Sheridan handled all arms of the service with equal energy and skill, and was a man of military genius, just as Cromwell was, just as Napoleon was, and to call him "distinctively a cavalry commander" is an insult to his memory as a great general, since no man ever yet was a great general whose military ability was limited like that of Seydlitz, Pappenheim and Murat to the operations of cavalry.

The use Sheridan made of artillery at Perryville, Stone River and Cedar Creek is sufficient to rebut the absurd representation that Sheridan despised artillery in battle. He knew that the artillery won Malvern Hill; that it saved the army at Fredericksburg, Antietam, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, and to represent Sheridan as despising artillery as a military factor is a stupid story started by somebody who was no soldier.

Sheridan's first victorious fight in the civil war was at the head of a regiment of cavalry; Napoleon's first fight was in charge of a battery at Toulon; Cromwell's first fight was at the head of a regiment of troopers, but had Sheridan's genius been peculiarly that of a cavalry leader he would have risen no higher than Custer; had Napoleon's genius been peculiarly for artillery he would have been only a Drouot; had Cromwell been only a great trooper he would have been no more famous than his comrade Fairfax. Sheridan belongs fairly to that first order of military commanders who never lost a battle; whose courage and judgment were equal to every emergency.

Compare the capacity of Sheridan for independent command of 50,000 men with that rendered Bonaparte by his generals. Victor, Jourdan, Junot, Ney, Joubert, Marmont, Macdonald, Grouchy, Vandamme and Dupont were beaten when given independent commands. Massena, Soult, Davoust, Suchet and Lannes were the only great subordinates who displayed any capacity to conduct a campaign away from Napoleon's personal supervision. Compared with the subordinates of Bonaparte, Sheridan and Sherman were giants in their capacity to serve Grant in a distant field. Sheridan not only had military science at his finger ends in every battle, but he had what has been termed "creature pugnacity, the capacity to get thoroughly angry when struck." He had that animal satisfaction in drawing blood in battle that was totally wanting in McClellan and to an injurious degree in Buell.

History will in due time write the name of Sheridan next to Grant as the greatest American soldier. Grant wrote Sheridan's name far above his own, as follows:

"He belongs to the very first rank of soldiers, not only of our country, but of the world. I rank Sheridan with Napoleon and Frederick and the great commanders in history."

A military critic of high reputation sums up Sheridan accurately as follows:

"Disliking to speak in public, caring little to write, Sheridan's enormous intellectual capacity has received but scant justice. Added to this he was thoroughly trained as a soldier. Nine years a quartermaster or commissary, he was eminently a man of detail, of figures, of calculation and logical mind. His campaigns when examined show nothing of chance, but show grasp, design, knowledge of the country and resources, capacity of his men and firm faith in his own powers. His battles show him the best infantry soldier of the rebellion His knowledge of military values were unexcelled. The distance, marching capacity, time, were all in his mind at once. The stomach, feet, body of his men and horses received his care above all other things. His quartermasters, commissaries and ordnance officers were inspired by his zeal and energy. Horses were but an incident, when the line was formed down went the men into infantry, carbines were muskets and the horses at the rear ready instruments for celerity and change of front."

HYMENEAL.

DAUBE–ROSENTHAL.

The wedding of Miss Hattie L. Rosenthal, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Rosenthal, of No. 3564 Grand boulevard, to Mr. Jacob Daube, was celebrated at 6 o'clock Tuesday evening at the Lakeside Club. Dr. E. G. Hirsch performed the ceremony in the presence of 160 guests. The entrance of the bridal party was announced by the bridal chorus from "Lohengrin," played by Tomaso's Mandolin Orchestra. The bride was attired in white duchesse satin, trimmed with lace and lilies of the valley. She wore diamond ornaments. A tulle veil enveloped her figure and she carried white chrysanthemums. She was escorted by her father and was attended by Miss Martha Newberger in white silk as maid of honor, and by two bridesmaids, Miss Amy Rothschild and Miss Julia Daube, both robed in blue silk. They all carried white chrysanthemums. There were two little flower children, Beatrice Cohn and Victor Stern. The best man was E. B. Cuthmann; the master of ceremonies, Joseph Frickman, and the ushers Judah Lehman, Louis Newman, Eli Daube and Lubin Rosenthal. During the marriage service the bridal party stood in a bower of palms and chrysanthemums. Later an elaborate collation was served in the banquet hall. Mr. and Mrs. Daube departed for an extended wedding tour in California. Among those present at the wedding were Messrs. and Mesdames Daniel Cohn, Henry Klopfer, J. Mayer, D. S. Stern, Samuel Foreman, D. Phaelzer, Louis Daube, Adolph Loeb. Mrs. R. Guthmann, Albany, N. Y. Messrs. G. Brown, J. Guthmann, H. Schabacker, I. Guthmann, J. W. Moses, R. Rothschild, Milton Hart.

IRISH NEWS.

On Nov. 9, the anniversary of P. W. Nally's death in Mountjoy jail was observed by Irish Nationalists in Dublin. The annual memorial address was delivered in the National club at 8 o'clock by Councillor John Torley, of Glasgow, who selected for the title of his address the meaningful motto, "The Right Path to Freedom."

The death is announced of Mrs. Alice Kelly, wife of Mr. Mathew Kelly, of Levitstown, county Kildare.

The weekly meeting of the council of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language took place on Tuesday, Oct. 31, at No. 6 Molesworth street, Dublin. Surgeon-General King, M. R. I. A., in the chair. There were also present Prof. Haugh, B. A., T. W. Conway, B.A., and Messrs. T. O'Neill Russell, R. J. O'Duffy, James Halligan, J. H. Lloyd, Thomas Rooney, and J. J. McSweeney, secretary. The minutes of the last meeting were read and signed. Communications referring to the Irish language movement were read and discussed.

The lethargy which characterized Gaelic football players in Meath during the past few seasons is rapidly giving way to busy activity. Already the lusty cheers which herald the victory of some local favorite may be heard in the distance, and everywhere in the royal county preparations are being made for the coming season. Kilmessan, ever foremost in all branches of Gaelic sport, was the scene of the most recent contest, the local team being opposed by the Kilcarne, Navan, football club. The play, which was of a somewhat one-sided character, resulted in an easy victory for the home team.—*Dublin Independent.*

On Oct. 31 the remains of Mr. Anthony Wilson, of No. 17 Lower Baggot street, were removed from his late residence, No. 6 Seaview terrace, Donnybrook, for interment in Mount Jerome cemetery. Mr. Wilson was much respected in commercial circles, and his death was very generally regretted. The attendance at the funeral was large and representative.

Mr. Jeffrey J. Fay, who is serving his apprenticeship with Mr. Stephen J. Brown, at Naas, obtained first place with honors and a prize of 20 guineas at the recent examination for the degree of LL.D. at the Royal University.

Mr. Michael Minch, Portersize, Ballitore, died Oct. 27. The deceased gentleman was a brother of Mr. M. Minch, T. C., Athy, and Mr. M. J. Minch, M. P. The funeral cortege to Crookstown was very large.

The following students were promoted to holy orders on Sunday, Oct. 29, at St. Patrick's college, Carlow, by the Most Rev. Dr. Comerford, Coadjutor Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin: To priesthood, Rev. James Roche, Cloyne; to deaconship, Rev. Patrick Bansbott, Kildare; Rev. Francis Treacy, Willcannia, N. S. W.; Rev. Edward Delaney, Sandhurst, Victoria; to sub-deaconship, Rev. Daniel Riordan, Chicago, U. S. A.; Rev. Patrick Keane, San Francisco, U. S. A.; Rev. Michael McAuliffe, Maitland, N. S. W.; Rev. Patrick Barry, Florida, U. S. A.

The Right Rev. Mgr. Riordan, P. P., V.G., St. Patrick's, Cork, died on the morning of Oct. 29. The announcement of his death was received with regret by the clergy and laity of Cork. Mgr. Riordan was a very distinguished theologian and scholar. He was a close student of English and French literature. He was known for the exercise of those qualities which go to make a model priest. While administrator of the cathedral parish in Cork nearly twenty years ago, the late Most Rev. Dr. Delaney appointed Father Riordan to the pastoral charge of the parish of Kinsale, where he remained for a period of twelve years; and on the death of Mgr. Sheehan the present bishop of the diocese appointed him to the parish of St. Patrick in Cork and vicar-general of the diocese. Mgr. Riordan had reached the age of 71 years.

Mr. Charles O'Connell, second son of the late Sir James O'Connell, Bart, Lakeview, Killarney, brother to Daniel O'Connell, the "Liberator," died at the residence of his brother, Mr. Maurice O'Connell, D.L., Oct. 28. The deceased was about 50 years of age, and unmarried.

Mr. James Doyle, the Ridge, Urlingford, has passed away at the advanced age of 103 years. He had been at all times a Nationalist, whose views and patriotic sentiments earned for him a recognition in local politics, and his death removes from the sphere in which he moved a man who was justly appreciated by the sterling and independent Nationalists of Urlingford. His opinions were backed up by more than the ordinary expressions of nationality, for when a campaign had to be faced to beat down relentless agrarian tyranny, he went through the trying ordeal of eviction to support the cause which he so unselfishly allied himself to.—*Kilkenny Journal.*

Mr. John O'Shea, father of Mr. John Augustus O'Shea, possibly the oldest journalist in the kingdom, and an able and respected member of his profession, met with a severe accident in Nenagh Oct. 30, which it is feared will have very serious, if not fatal, consequence.

Mr. John Lyons, late of Sandsford's court, county Kilkenny, died Oct. 28. His death will be mourned by a large circle of relatives and friends, who will be surprised to hear of the sad news. Mr. Lyons was ailing for some time.

THE AMERICAN ORANGEMEN.

They Are To Be Found in Both the Great Political Parties, and Cannot Be Justly Saddled on Any Particular Party.

Knownothingism in the Past Showed Itself to Have a Firmer Hold on Popular Sentiment South Than North.

The following is excerpted from a lengthy and able leading editorial, published in the *Irish World*, of date, Nov. 11:

"The A.P.A., as our readers know, is a secret society whose avowed purpose is to work for the exclusion of Catholics from public office. Whatever strength it possesses is derived mainly from an infusion of Canadian Orangemen, and its managers are political strikers who count upon the dark-lantern to magnify its shadow. Five-sixths of the population of this country are Protestants, and in politics they are pretty evenly divided between the two great political organizations. As a people the Americans are as broad-minded and liberal as any people on earth. Of course, there are some bigots among them; but an American who is an anti-Catholic bigot is such, not because he is an American, but because he is an intolerant Protestant. Is not this the common-sense explanation? The same will apply to an anti-Catholic bigot who calls himself a Democrat or a Republican. The cause of his trouble lies in his religious prejudices, not in his political creed. It is this small, ragged margin of bigotry that affords the A.P.A. a base of operations.

"It will not do to say that the liberal-minded Protestants are all in the Democratic party and all the bigots are in the Republican party. Well-informed men know better. A generation since, and at different times before, there rose up in this country a political organization having for its object ends similar to those of the A.P.A. At one time it called itself the native American party, at another time the Knownothing party, and later yet (in 1860) the Constitutional party. What states gave hospitality to that anti-Catholic party? It is a fact, notorious in our political history—a fact which the political almanacs going back to that time will verify—that the Southern States, which are solidly Democratic, were the states that were most inoculated with the poison. Texas, under Sam Houston, was a boss Knownothing state; Democratic Virginia cast 47 per cent of its vote for that ticket, while Republican Maine cast but 3 per cent, and Democratic Maryland—the only state in the Union—cast her entire electoral vote for Fillmore, the presidehtial candidate of the party of exclusion and intolerance. The man who knows all this, and yet will howl at the Republican party as the party of religious intolerance, is a knave; the man who does not know it, and yet joins in the howl, is a fool.

"We sometimes hear it asked, 'What has the Republican party done for Catholics or Irishmen?' We answer that the Republican party, or any other party, has no business to do anything for Catholics or Irishmen. The Republican party has been called into existence to consider and promote American interests. The Catholic church asks for a free field and no favor. But while Catholics, who are American citizens, are entitled to no more favors than others, on the other hand, an American citizen ought not to be excluded because he is a Catholic. Nor is there any plank in the Republican platform or any rule consistent with Republican principles that operates to the exclusion of Catholics. General Phil Sheridan was of Irish stock and a Catholic, but he served his country as a gallant and loyal American, and under the Republican party—of which he was a member—the way was opened to him to become commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States. Mr. Patrick Egan is a Catholic and an Irishman. He is not a persona grata to England; nevertheless, four years ago, without consulting his enemies on either side of the water, a Republican president nominated him and a Republican senate confirmed him United States minister to Chili. Yet, no act of President Harrison called down upon his head so much abuse as did that same appointment, and the abuse came not more from English papers than from the organs in this country of the Democratic party, 'the friend of the poor Irish and Catholics.'

"We want to be understood. The *Irish World* started out not to attack the Democratic party, but to dissipate misconceptions against the Republican party, which misconceptions, in so far as they gain currency, are calculated to work much mischief. Religious watchwords should have no place in our political lexicon. The republic is now in peace and amity on the religious question. We Catholics, more than others, are interested in keeping it so. These A.P.A. vermin are not the product of either of the great political parties; like fleas, they are apt to jump here and there upon either organization, or both. It is monstrous and stupid to suppose that one-half the American people are the sworn enemies of the Catholics; it is monstrous and wicked to try to make people believe this lie for the sake of catching Catholic votes. If we insist that one-half the American people are our enemies, and if we treat them as such, we may succeed in time in making them enemies! Is the prospect which this possibility opens up a desirable one?"

SHERIDAN CLUB SOCIABLE

Second Annual Hop in Commemoration of the Opening of the Handsome New Club House.

The popular Sheridan Club, named after the gallant Irish-American General, Philip H. Sheridan, gave its second annual "hop" at its splendid club house, situated at the corner of Michigan avenue and Forty-first street, last Tuesday evening. The occasion was the first anniversary of the opening of the new building. The decorations were not many, but graceful and appropriate. The committee of arrangements, headed by Mr. J. H. Gregory, left nothing undone to promote the comfort of the members and guests. There were palms at the west end of the hall and in the musician's gallery. In the parlors chrysanthemums blended their pure white with the more somber colors of the walls. In a pretty nook Tomaso's mandolins played their sweetest airs.

The committee of arrangements in addition to Mr. Gregory, consisted of Messrs. John J. Kinsella, Daniel Gallagher, Nicholas J. Nelson, John P. McGrath.

The floor committee was composed of Messrs. E. Baggot, W. J. Bulger, E. M. Keeley, O. R. Traynor, P. H. Rice, W. L. Schaub, J. E. Murphy, Joseph P. Rend.

The reception and entertainment committee consisted of the committee of arrangements, the floor committee, the officers of the club—M. Cudahy, president; P. L. Ardle, secretary; F. F. de Veney, treasurer—and the following ladies, Mesdames T. A. Moran, A. Cummings, P. H. Rice, Cook, J. A. Carroll, T. F. de Veney, W. P. Nelson, W. L. Schaub, J. H. Gregory, W. J. Bulger, O'Malley, Misses Wheatly, Flood, Kelley, Cudahy.

The grand march was led by Mr. M. Cudahy and Mrs. J. H. Gregory, and Mr. J. H. Gregory and Miss Clara Cudahy. There were many handsome ladies in attendance, and there was also a pleasing variety of pretty gowns.

Among those present were Messrs. and Mesdames W. P. Nelson, J. B. Jenkins, John Fait, T. F. de Veney, W. J. O'Malley, C. H. Riel, J. F. Doerr, P. Leonard, M. Cudahy, C. G. Fait, W. L. Schaub, J. E. Baggot, J. C. Bowles, E. J. McArdle, J. C. Doerr, J. P. Ward, I. T. Young, J. H. Gregory, D. J. Simpson, L. F. Collins, J. W. Ball, J. McKernan, P. O. Noonan, Harry Burne. Mesdames O'Donnell, James Bradburn, James Plunkett, J. W. Trainor, W. Luby. Misses Maud Clifford, Clara Cudahy, Perin, Frances Heeney, Kate Murray, Clara Neeley, Mary Cudahy, Mary Meehan, Allie Young, Rebecca O'Brien, Jennie Corrigan, Kittie McGraw, Celia Cudahy, Emma Pryble, Nettie Trainor, Bradburn, Underwood, Anna Flood, Mamie Noland. Messrs. A. M. Whiting, T. F. Keeley, E. J. Ryan, O. R. Trainor, James Radburn, F. C. Duane, J. E. Kelly, W. J. Nelson, J. B. Heeney, H. H. Meehan, Charles Hickey, A. W. Gregory, F. Cummings, M. D. Harris, R. E. Corrigan, J. B. Sullivan.

REVIEW.

"The Poets of Ireland," by David J. O'Donoghue. Publishing offices, No. 1 Eleanor Grove, Barnes Common, London, S.W.

THE CITIZEN hails with pleasure the publication of this volume, the third and concluding part of a compilation which should have a place in every Irishman's library. Irish literature can now boast of a book in which are lovingly cherished the lives and literary records of those sweet singers, the teachings of many of whom were of a true national tendency, and whose names should never be forgotten. Many of these Irish poets were the apostles of liberty in dark days that tried men's souls. Not a few of them, like J. K. Casey ("Leo") and Charles J. Kickham, suffered imprisonment for their devotion to the cause of Irish freedom. Mr. O'Donoghue deserves the gratitude of his countrymen for this comprehensive tribute to the memories and work of such writers. THE CITIZEN hopes that his volume will be awarded that meed of success which it so preeminently merits.

Flowery Erin.

A correspondent at Cork, Ireland, writes to the London *Times:* The composition of a small nosegay of fresh flowers gathered in county Cork, will seem incredible even to those who have watched the progress of this remarkable summer. The bouquet consists of bramble leaves dyed with the most gorgeous autumn tints—nothing unreasonable in that—surrounding apple blossoms developed from buds which should have lain dormant until the awakening of next spring aroused them. The flowers are as dainty and perfect as the usual spring bloom, but appear strange in their setting of old leaves instead of the soft delicacy of the undeveloped foliage usually attending these precocious blossoms. Then there are wild roses and buds gathered from a bush which bore similar blossoms on April 26 of the present year, and lastly groups of strawberry blossoms, as jaunty and fresh as those of the early summer, and apparently unconscious at present of the rapid approach of cold frosts which have already their icy fingers over counties to the north of county Cork. Reports, too, from Killarney and other places tell of laburnum trees in full bloom, while adjacent are bushes laden with fruits of deepening hues, and close by the arbutus displays its richest of crimson red berries.

OBITUARY.

SERGT. THOMAS DOOLEY.

Sergt. Thomas Dooley, of the Lawndale Police Station, brother of Michael Dooley and Mrs. Thomas Sullivan, both well known residents of this city, died of lung trouble at his residence, No. 606 South California avenue, on the 10th inst. The deceased was a native of Ballyhahill, county Limerick, Ireland, where he was born fifty-one years ago. He came to this country at the age of twenty-two, and was twenty-nine years in America at the time of his death, most of which time he was a member of the Chicago police force. This extended term as a police officer gave him an experience which rendered him a useful member of that body. His whole career on the force was creditable in the extreme, and his actions during the time proved him to be brave, efficient, and reliable. Sergt. Dooley's death deprives the force of one of its many good officers. The funeral services were held at St. Charles Boromeo church, the Rev. Father Bonfield officiating. The interment was at Calvary cemetery. The pall bearers were Michael McMahon, John Moore, Patrick Kelly, Patrick Doyle, Thomas Shanley, and Patrick Sullivan. A platoon of police, in charge of Lieut. Colleran and Sergt. O'Brien, acted as an escort of honor. Among those present at the funeral were Thomas Keely, Ald. John Powers, ex-Alderman Cullerton, John McGovern, D. F. Bremner, Daniel Healy, Edward M'Carthy, Judge Dooley, Richard Dooley, Timothy E. Ryan, Capt. P. McGrath, Eugene Sugg, Capt. Bleitner, Lieut. Moore, Lieut. Canty, Sergt. John O'Connor, Lieut. Cosgrove, Joseph Bates, John Bates, and many others. The funeral was very large, and may be ranked as one of the largest held on the West Side for some time. The deceased leaves a wife and nine children, eight sons and one daughter, to mourn his loss. THE CITIZEN extends its sympathies to his bereaved family.

MR. EDWARD MONKS.

"The friends in this city of Edward M. Monks have been surprised to hear of his sudden death from pneumonia at Butte City, Montana, where he has been engaged for nearly two years in railway construction and mining. Mr. Monks was well known in this city in social and engineering circles. He was employed in the constructing of the Denver, Lakewood & Golden Railroad. For the past two years he has been associated with Millionaire Marcus Daly, of Butte City, in the construction of a new branch of a railway near that city. Mr. Monks was a distinguished graduate of Clongowes College, near Dublin, Ireland, and took the scientific course at the Royal College of Science, Dublin, Ireland. He was a member of the well known and distinguished Monks family who are now and have been prominent in Irish and English military and diplomatic affairs." —*Denver Republican, Nov. 12.*

The deceased was buried Sunday, Nov. 12, and his funeral was attended by a large concourse of the Irish and Catholic residents of Butte City and neighboring towns. Mr. Monks was 29 years old, and in the United States four years, during which time he became very widely known in his profession, as he assisted in achieving some distinguished feats in railway engineering in Colorado, and later in Montana. He was a brother of Thomas F. Monks, L.L.D., of Trinity College, Dublin, Ireland, and Dr. Charles Monks, surgeon-major of the British army (Indian department.) His father's family are now and have been well and familiary known in Dublin social and business circles. Requiem mass and services for the dead were held for him on the 16th inst., by Father Wm. O'Ryan, of St. Leo's church, Denver. He was the guest, while in Denver, of John C. Keegan and family. He was a member of many American scientific and engineering societies, before whom he read so many learned papers which were well received.

MRS. ANN DOWLING.

An old and respected resident of this city, Mrs. Ann Dowling, died at her home, No. 139 Pearson street, on Nov. 11, aged 77 years 7 months. The deceased lady was a native of the county Limerick, Ireland, and with her husband, the late Martin Dowling, came to Chicago many years ago, and settled in the neighborhood of St. Columbkill's church. Later she moved to the North Side, where she became a well known parishioner of the Holy Name. From the latter church her funeral took place on Monday. After solemn high mass the Right Rev. Dr. Dowling, bishop of Hamilton, Ont., eldest son of the deceased, thanked the clergy and numerous friends of his mother for "their presence there as a last tribute to one he loved." While making those remarks he was much affected, and many of his hearers wept. Besides the Right Rev. Dr. Dowling, the deceased leaves two sons, John M., of this city, and Martin J., of Omaha, and four daughters. Her old pastor, Father Burke, of St. Columbkill's, and the priests of the Holy Name accompanied the remains to Calvary and read the funeral service.

SIR EDWARD WATKIN is out with a project for cutting Ireland in half by a stupendous canal from Dublin to Galway. The cost of such a vast enterprise would be $40,000,000. He would so improve the entrance to the Shannon up to the point where it would cut the canal that it would be navigable by large ocean-going vessels, and thus form a double inlet for transatlantic traffic. The canal would shorten the route to this country by one day, and become one of the great trade highways of the world.

THE THREE WISHES.

An Irish Legend—Billy Dawson, Known in His Youth to be the Greatest Hand at Doing Nothing in All Europe.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

Author of "Willy Reilly," "Valentine McClutchy," "The Black Baronet," "The Evil Eye," Etc., Etc.

[CONTINUED.]

Bill now began by degrees to show off; but still wrought a little at his trade to blindfold the neighbors. In a very short time, however, he became a great man. So long indeed as he was a *poor* rascal, no decent person would speak to him; even the proud serving-men at the "Big House" would turn up their noses at him. And he well deserved to be made little of by others, because he was mean enough to make little of himself. But when it was seen and known that he had oceans of money, it was wonderful to think, although he was *now* a greater blackguard than ever, how those who despised him before, began to come round him and court his company. Bill, however, had neither sense nor spirit to make those sunshiny friends know their distance; not he—instead of that he was proud to be seen in decent company, and so long as the money lasted, it was, "hail fellow well met," between himself and every fair-faced *sponger* who had a horse under him, a decent coat to his back, and a good appetite to eat his dinners. With riches and all, Bill was the same man still; but, somehow or other, there is a great difference between a rich profligate and a poor one, and Bill found it so to his cost in *both* cases.

Before half the seven years was passed, Bill had his carriage, and his equipages: was hand and glove with my Lord This, and my Lord That; kept hounds and hunters; was the first sportsman at the Curragh; patronized every boxing ruffian he could pick up; and betted night and day on cards, dice, and horses. Bill, in short, should be a blood, and except he did all this, he could not presume to mingle with the fashionable bloods of his time.

It's an old proverb, however, that "what is got over the devil's back is sure to go off under it;" and in Bill's case this proved true. In short, the old boy himself could not supply him with money so fast as he made it fly; it was "come easy go easy," with Bill, and so sign was on it, before he came within two years of his time he found his purse empty.

And now came the value of his summer friends to be known. When it was discovered that the cash was no longer flush with him—that stud, and carriage, and hounds were going to the hammer—whish! off they went, friends, relations, pot-companions, dinner-eaters, blacklegs and all, like a flock of crows that had smelt gunpowder. Down Bill soon went, day after day, and week after week, until at last, he was obliged to put on the leather apron, and take to the hammer again; and not only that, for as no experience could make him wise, he once more began his tap-room brawls, his quarrels with Judy, and took to his "high feeding" at the dry potatoes and salt. Now, too, came the cutting tongues of all who knew him, like razors upon him. Those that he scorned because they were poor and himself rich, now paid him back his own with interest; and those that he measured himself with, because they were rich, and who only countenanced him in consequence of his wealth, gave him the hardest word in their cheeks. The devil mend him! He deserved it all, and more if he had got it.

Bill, however, who was a hardened sinner, never fretted himself down an ounce of flesh by what was said to him, or of him. Not he; he cursed, and fought, and swore, and schemed away as usual, taking in every one he could; and surely none could match him at villainy of all sorts and sizes.

At last the seven years became expired, and Bill was one morning sitting in his forge, sober and hungry, the wife cursing him, and the children squalling, as before; he was thinking how he might defraud some honest neighbor out of a breakfast to stop their mouths and his own too, when who walks in to him but old Nick, to demand his bargain.

"Morrow, Bill!" says he with a sneer.

"The devil welcome you!" says Bill; "but you have a fresh memory."

"A bargain's a bargain between two *honest* men, any day," says Satan; "when I speak of *honest* men, I mean *yourself* and *me*, Bill;" and he put his tongue in his cheek to make game of the unfortunate rogue he had come for.

"Nick, my worthy fellow," said Bill, "have bowels; you wouldn't do a shabby thing; you wouldn't disgrace your own character by putting more weight upon a falling man. You know what it is to get a come-down yourself, my worthy; so just keep your toe in your pump, and walk off with yourself somewhere else. A *cool* walk will serve you better than my company, Nicholas."

"Bill, it's no use in shirking:" said his friend, "your swindling tricks may enable you to cheat others, but you won't cheat me, I guess. You want nothing to make you perfect in your way but to travel; and travel you shall under my guidance, Billy. No, no—I'm not to be swindled my good fellow. I have rather a—a better opinion of myself, Mr. D. than to think that you could outwit one Nicholas Clutie, Esq.—ahem!"

"You may sneer, you sinner," replied Bill; "but I tell you that I have outwitted men who could buy and sell you to your face. Despair, you villain, when I tell you that *no attorney* could stand befor me."

Satan's countenance got blank when he heard this; he wriggled and fidgetted about, and appeared to be not quite comfortable.

"In that case, then," says he, "the sooner I deceive you the better; so turn out for the *Low Countries*."

"Is it come to that in earnest?" said Bill, "and are you going to act the rascal at the long run?"

"Pon honor, Bill."

"Have patience, then, you sinner, till I finish this horseshoe—it's the last of a set I'm finishing for one of your friend the attorney's horses. And here, Nick, I hate idleness, you know it's the mother of mischief, take this sledge-hammer, and give a dozen strokes or so, till I get it out of my hands, and then here's with you, since it must be so."

He then gave the bellows a puff that blew half a peck of dust in Club-foot's face, whipped out the red-hot iron, and set Satan sledging away for the the bare life.

"Faith," says Bill to him, when the shoe was finished, "it's a thousand pities ever the sledge should be out of your hand; the great *Parra Gow* was a child to you at sledging, you're such an able tyke. Now just exercise yourself till I bid the wife and childhre geod-bye, and then I'm off."

Out went Bill, of course, without the slightest notion of coming back; no more than Nick had that he could not give up the sledging, and indeed neither could he, but was forced to work away as if he was sledging for a wager. This was just what Bill wanted. He was now compelled to sledge on until it was Bill's pleasure to release him; and so we leave him very industriously employed, while we look after the worthy who outwitted him.

In the meantime, Bill broke cover, and took to the country at large; wrought a little journey-work wherever he could get it, and in this way went from one place to another, till in the course of a month, he walked back very coolly into his own forge, to see how things went on in his absence. There he found Satan in a rage, the perspiration pouring from him in torrents, hammering in might and main upon the naked anvil. Bill calmly leaned his back against the wall, placed his hat upon the side of his head, put his hands into his breeches pockets, and began to whistle Shaun Gow's hornpipe. At length he says in a very quiet and good humored way—

"Morrow Nick!"

"Oh!" says Nick, still hammering away—"Oh! you double-distilled villain (hech!), may the most refined, ornamental (hech!), double-rectified, super-extra, and original (hech!) collection of curses that ever was gathered (hech!) into a single nosegay of ill fortune (hech!), shine in the buttonhole of your conscience (hech!) while your name is Bill Dawson! I denounce you (hech!) as a double-milled villain, a finished, hot-pressed knave (hech!), in comparison of whom all the other knaves I ever knew (hech!), attorneys included, are honest men. I brand you (hech!) as the pearl of cheats, a tip-top take-in (hech!) I denounce you, I say again, for the villainous treatment (hech!) I have received at your hands in this most untoward (hech!) and unfortunate, in every sense, is he that has anything to do with (hech!) such a prime and finished impostor."

"You're very warm, Nicky," says Bill; "what puts you into a passion, you old sinner? Sure if it's your own will and pleasure to take exercise at my anvil, I'm not to be abused for it. Upon my credit, Nicky, you ought to blush for using such blackguard language, so unbecoming your grave character. You cannot say that it was I set you a hammering at the empty anvil, you profligate. However, as you are so industrious, I simply say it would be a thousand pities to take you from it. Nick, I love industry in my heart, and I always encourage it; so work away, it's not often you spend your time so creditably. I'm afraid if you weren't at that you'd be worse employed."

"Bill, have bowels," said the operative; "you wouldn't go to lay more weight on a falling man, you know; you wouldn't disgrace your character by such a piece of iniquity as keeping an inoffensive gentleman, advanced in years, at such an unbecoming and rascally job as this. Generosity's your top virtue, Bill; not but that you have many other excellent ones, as well as that, among which, as you say yourself, I reokon industry; but still it is in generosity you *shine*. Come, Bill, honor bright, and release me."

"Name the terms, you profligate."

"You're above terms, William; a generous fellow like you never thinks of terms."

"Good-bye, old gentleman!" said Bill, very coolly; "I'll drop in to see you once a month."

"No, no, Bill, you infer—a—a—you excellent, worthy, delightful fellow, not so fast; not so fast. Come, name your terms, you sland—my dear Bill, name your terms."

"Seven years more."

"I agree; but——"

"And the same supply of cash as before, down on the nail here."

"Very good; very good. You're rather simple, Bill; rather soft, I must confess. Well, no matter. I shall yet turn the tab—a—hem? You are an exceedingly simple fellow, Bill; still there will come a day, my *dear* Bill—there will come——"

"Don't grumble, you vagrant? Another word, and I double the terms."

"Mum, William—mum; *tace* is Latin for a candle."

"Seven years more of grace, and the same measure of the needful that I got before. Ay or no?"

"Of grace, Bill! Ay! ay! ay! There's the cash. I accept the terms. Oh blood! the rascal—of grace!! Bill!"

"Well, now drop the hammer, and vanish," says Billy; "but what would you think to take this sledge, while you stay, and give me a —— eh! why in such a hurry?" he added, seeing that Satan withdrew in double-quick time.

"Hollo! Nicholas!" he shouted, "come back; you forgot something!" and when the old gentleman looked behind him, Billy shook the hammer at him, on which he vanished altogether.

Billy now got into his old courses; and what shows the kind of people the world is made of, he also took up with his old company. When they saw that he had the money once more, and was sowing it about him in all direction, they immediately began to find excuses for his former extravagance.

"Say what you will," said one, "Bill Dawson's a spirited fellow, and bleeds like a prince."

"He's a hospitable man in his own house, or out of it, as ever lived," said another.

"His only fault is," observed a third, "that he is, if anything, too generous, and doesn't know the value of money; his fault's on the right side, however."

"He has the spunk in him," said a fourth; "keeps a capital table, prime wines, and a standing welcome for his friends."

"Why," said a fifth, "if he doesn't enjoy his money while he lives, he won't when he's dead; so more power to him, and a wider throat to his purse."

Indeed, the very persons who were cramming themselves at his expense despised him at heart. They knew very well, however, how to take him on the weak side. Praise his generosity, and he would do anything; call him a man of spirit, and you might fleece him to his face. Sometimes he would toss a purse of guineas to this knave, another to that flatterer, a third to a bully, and a fourth to some broken-down rake—and all to convince them that he was a sterling friend—a man of mettle and liberality. But never was he known to help a virtuous and struggling family—to assist the widow or the fatherless, or to do any other act that was truly useful. It is to be supposed the reason of this was, that as he spent it, as most of the world do, in the service of the devil, by whose aid he got it, he was prevented from turning it to a good account. Between you and me, dead reader, there are more persons acting after Bill's fashion in the same world than you dream about.

When his money was out again, his friends played him the same rascally game once more. No sooner did his poverty become plain, than the knaves began to be troubled with small fits of modesty, such as an unwillingness to come to his place when there was no longer anything to be got there. A kind of virgin bashfulness prevented them from speaking to him when they saw him getting out on the wrong side of his clothes. Many of them would turn away from him in the prettiest and most delicate manner when they thought he wanted to borrow money from them—all for fear of putting him to the blush by asking it. Others again, when they saw him coming towards their houses about dinner hour, would become so confused, from mere gratitude, as to think themselves in another place; and their servants, seized as it were, with the same feeling, would tell Bill that their masters were "not at home."

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years it was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO.,
Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

WALTHAM "REPEATERS."

Sold to "Citizen" Subscribers Only.

$100 Men's Watch for $80!

THE CITIZEN is now for the first time able to offer to its subscribers the celebrated Waltham "Repeaters." These watches were made to sell at more than $100, but we have an option upon a few in solid 14k gold stiffened hunting cases. A Waltham "Repeater" strikes the time within five minutes whenever a spring on the outside of the case is moved. This is a great advantage in many situations. The two silver-toned bells do not add to the size of the watch. No more of these watches will be made. The cases will not be ready before July 1, and readers should register their names at once. An artistic special catalogue will be sent upon application. Price of watch, delivered, $80.

GAELIC POETRY.

Dothchus an Dibirtigh.

Táim dibeartha tar sáile,
'S is crádh liom mo thir faoi bhrón,
Ceann síos a croidhe 's a cáile
Beir sár-shruth do bhárr mo shróin;
Dá liacht mo dheór is cráidhte liom
Grádh-gheal a's mil mo chroidhe
Am' dhiaigh go ciachmhar fágtha,
Cál fáinneach na m-bachal m-buidhe.

Is dubhach liom duthchaigh Eireann,
Am' dhéigh-se gan súbhchas puinn,
'S as cámhadh liom breith a g-cein-fhaid
Om' ghaolta 's óm' chárde grinn;
Achd fós is mó mo gheur pheanaid
Cléibh agus mo dhuig am' clidh,
Bheith agartha óm' bhruinil bheusaigh,
Cul aléigeal na m-bachal m-buidhe.

Is sáil liom dul go h-Eireann
Faoi éide gus faoi arm fós,
Chum cúiteamh thabhairt do mhéirligh,
Do thraoch agus do chreach gan chóir
Sean treamhachas Clanna Gaodhal,
Agus má théigheann linn ár námhaid do chlaoidh
Go meireach raighead ar dileam
Cháil dhréimearaigh na m-bachal m-buidhe.

—*M. C. O'Shea in Irish Echo.*

Safety From a Periodic Scourge.

Do you want to be insured, dweller in a malarious region, against the periodical scourge which threatens to assail you in the form of chills and fever or some of the forms of miasma-born disease? It goes without saying, that you do. Then, instead of using quinine or other alkaloid and mineral drugs, which merely relieve and are always detrimental to general health, seek aid where it is always forthcoming—from the thorough preventive and remedy, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which, in regions where malaria is far more violent and prevalent than it is on this continent, eradicates it completely from the system. Biliousness, dyspepsia, constipation, kidney and nervous complaints, neuralgia and rheumatism are among the maladies to which the national tonic and corrective is adapted. Physicians everywhere know its genuine worth.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

MAKES ITSELF FELT

—the great, griping, old-fashioned pill. Not only when you take it, but unpleasant, from first to last, and it only gives you a little temporary good.

The things to take its place are Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One of these at a dose will *regulate* the whole system perfectly. They're tiny, sugar-coated granules, scarcely larger than mustard seeds. They act in Nature's own way. No reaction afterward. Their help *lasts* and they do *permanent* good. Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Sick or Bilious Headaches, and all derangements of the liver, stomach, and bowels are prevented, relieved, and cured.

They're the cheapest, for they're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction or money is returned. Nothing can be "just as good."

EPILEPSY OR FITS

Can this disease be cured? Most physicians say No—I say, Yes; all forms and the worst cases. After 30 years study and experiment I have found the remedy.—Epilepsy is cured by it; *cured*, not subdued by opiates—the old, treacherous, quack treatment. Do not despair. Forget past impositions on your purse, past outrages on your confidence, past failures. Look forward, not backward. My remedy is of to-day. Valuable work on the subject, and large bottle of the remedy—sent free for trial. Mention Post-Office and Express address.

Prof. W. H. PEBKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.

REVISED WATCH OFFER.

WALTHAMS AND ELGINS ONLY.

FOR SALE BY THE CITIZEN.

FINE WATCHES AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

WALTHAM REPEATER.
MEN'S SIZE, HUNTING-CASE.
$80, REDUCED TO $65.

We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.
OFFER No. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER No. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER No. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER No. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS.
HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.
OFFER No. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER No. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER No. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 2.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved).....$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved).....$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

"THE LIMITED."

14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—No. 2487, PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer limited in every way. The number watches we can sell at this price is lim ited and the time the offer will last also limited. Also remember that on Waltham and Elgin watches are offere A gentleman who carries one of the watches asked a friend to guess t price. The friend guessed $100. Eve purchaser has three days in which may submit his watch to experts, a the money will be refunded in full if watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $36, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."

LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH—No. 2488, PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

SOLID GOLD, FANCY ENGRAVED, HUNTING-CASE WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $17.50.
OFFER No. 28.

No. 28 is a watch of the very lastest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery guaranteed, and prepaid, for only.....$17.50

HUNTING-CASE GOLD WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $10.
OFFER No. 24.

No. 24 is a Ladies' size, seven-jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting-case. This case is made by rolling a heavy sheet of solid gold upon a sheet of very stiff composition metal. It is just like a $50 solid gold watch in appearance. This is a great bargain, and we cannot recommend it too highly. It gives any person who has a small amount to spend a chance to own a gold watch. Price, by insured registered mail.....$10

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING-CASE, WALTHAM OR ELGIN.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $9.50.
OFFER No. 21.

No. 21 is a solid coin-silver hunting-case Waltham or Elgin watch. In the works are seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, plain regulator and all improvements. Like all the watches we offer, it is a stem-wind and setter. Sent to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$9.50

HOW TO ORDER A WATCH—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,
69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

THE MASKED THUG

He Has Another Brave Life to Answer For.

AN ATTEMT TO HOLD UP A TRAIN

Resisted by a Brakeman, Who Receives a Fatal Wound in the Stomach—The Crime Committed on the Peoria, Decatur and Evansville Road Near Decatur, Ills.—The Would-be Robbers Get Away Safely, but Without Any Swag.

DECATUR, Ills., Nov. 14.—An attempt was made last night to hold up the Peoria, Decatur and Evansville passenger train due here at 10 p. m. Three men masked with handkerchiefs got on at the Lincoln coal shaft when the train pulled out. They started through the combination car to the express part. Brakeman George Trot and some passengers tried to stop them. Three shots were fired by the robbers and one hit the brakeman in the stomach. He is expected to die. Six miles from Lincoln the men presented revolvers at some of the passengers in the coach and demanded money. The conductor of the train pulled the bell cord and the train was soon stopped.

The Shooting of Brakeman Trot.

Brakeman George Trot made a brave struggle with the robbers, endeavoring to knock one of them down and overpower him. He succeeded in getting the better of one, but another shot him, as stated above, and it is not thought he can live. The robbers then held the other people in the car in check with their revolvers until the train was near Mount Pulaski. Then one of them jumped off the train, which was running about twenty-five miles per hour. He had compelled the engineer to start again after the train had stopped. The others got off at Pulaski and nothing has been heard of them. They did not succeed in getting any money or valuables from the passengers.

Conductor Richmond's Statement.

Conductor Chris Richmond said: "As I was taking tickets coming out of Lincoln, on the platform between the combination car and the ladies' car I saw a man looking in at the window. He turned around and threw a gun in my face and ordered me to hold up my hands. I ran back and told the express messenger that we were being held up. I cut the bell cord and Messenger Henry McManus put out the lights and barred the door. Brakeman Trot came and asked for my gun, saying he would go out and get them. I did not have a gun and he took my billy and started out. Just at the door the robber shot through the door and the bullet went through Trott's stomach. He fell back and said: "I am shot through and done for."

Messenger Was a Bad Shot.

"Just as I cut the bell cord I felt it pulled, but it did not stop the engine and we kept going. One man jumped off while we were going at full speed; another rode into Mount Pulaski and the messenger shot at him in the station. He got away. I did not see when the third man left. Trott will die."

Ernest Chester, who lives at Oakland, was beating his way on the trucks. He has been arrested as a suspicious character.

WANTED TO HANG THE PRISONERS.

An Incident, Not at All Startling in Our Era of Outlawry.

LOUISVILLE, Nov. 14.—A special from Mount Vernon, Ky., says: The train-wreckers, James Bellew and Matthew Collins, who robbed mail train No. 26 a few nights ago, were taken from the London jail by United States deputy marshals and started for Covington. When the train reached the spot where the wreck took place—this side of Altamont—it stopped. The trainmen, in company with citizens and others, went into the car and demanded the prisoners. The marshals vehemently denied that the prisoners were Collins and Bellew, but said they were some moonshiners whom they were taking to Covington for trial. The trainmen, including Engineer Soden and his fireman, who went down in the wreck were among the men who desired vengeance on their would-be murderers.

The engineer jerked a $100 bill from his pocket and exclaimed: "This is for any man who will tell me if the men are Bellew and Collins, the men, who wrecked my engine and threw me down a sixty foot fill." No one answered except the marshals who still denied the identity of the prisoners. James Lackey, who was taken to London as a witness, was taken up on the train and carried to this place, but could not be prevailed upon to give the prisoners away even on an offer of $50 or a threat with a revolver. The trainmen were badly disappointed when they were informed that their men were on the train and got off at Livingston Junction, the point for changing cars for Covington.

Got Off with About $1,000.

EL RENO, O. T., Nov. 14.—Four bandits walked into the store of William Hawler, at Arapice, O. T., and presenting revolvers at the heads of the proprietor and clerks, demanded that they open the safe and give up the money it contained. The safe was opened and the bandits got away with about $1,000.

Mineral Range Robber Pleads Guilty.

HOUGHTON, Mich., Nov. 14.—Jack Butler, one of the Mineral Range train robbers, has pleaded guilty and been sentenced to five years in prison.

Vice President En Route Home.

LOUISVILLE, Nov. 14.—Vice President Stevenson and wife left here for their home in Bloomington, Ill. The occasion which brought the vice president to Louisville was the sad death of Major J. J. Fry Lawrence.

Died on His Way to His Post.

EL PASO, Tex., Nov. 14.—Frank A. Johnston, of Ohio, recently appointed American consul for the city of Chihuahua, Mexico, died of consumption here. He was on his way to take charge of the consulate.

Heavy Snow in Texas.

GALVESTON, Tex., Nov. 14.—A special from Alpine, Tex., reports that ten inches of snow has fallen, with a prospect that it will reach thirty inches.

Controller Trusler will ask the council at Indianapolis, Ind., for permission to make a temporary loan of $150,000 to pay off a number of smaller loans made during the recent campaign.

An epidemic of scarlet fever has broken out at Ripon, Wis. Over fifty cases are reported. The school board has ordered every school in the city closed.

Charles Davis of Moulton, Ia., was caught under a tree he had chopped down and crushed to death.

THE FIRE RECORD.

Flames in a Chicago Church During Service—Blazes Elsewhere.

CHICAGO, Nov. 13.—"Escape for thy life!" was literally exemplified at the Belden Avenue Baptist church. It had been given out as the text for the sermon and when the pastor, Rev. H. H. Barbour, had but fairly started with his discourse a spark of fire fell from the top of the inner dome over the chandelier. Looking up Mr. Barbour saw the church was on fire and at once requested the congregation to retire quietly. The fire was soon under control and confined to the dome, cupola, and roof, considerable damage being done to the seats, the carpet, and arched ceiling of the church. The damage is $7,000.

Conflagration at Fort Wayne.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., Nov. 13.—Fire destroyed the Academy of Music, occupied by Gray's museum, a large brick structure, owned by Ronald T. McDonald and Robert S. Taylor; the Aldine hotel, a four-story block owned by D. N. Foster, and damaged Miller's furniture store, Lade's gun store, Hottersley's plumbing establishment, and the Aldine Printing company. The loss is estimated at $25,000, partially covered by insurance.

Fire at Grand Rapids.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Nov. 13.—Fire originating in the third story of H. M. Gobel's paint, oil, wall paper, and picture store, did $25,000 damage. The insurance is $20,000. The building was owned by the William Withey estate and was damaged $5,000, fully insured. The Boston Novelty company, occupying the adjoining building, suffered a slight loss, and the building, owned by E. T. Pierce, was damaged $1,000.

Detroit Building Gutted.

DETROIT, Nov. 13.—The five-story building, 159 Jefferson avenue, owned by F. P. Sands of Washington, D. C., was gutted by fire. The building was occupied by the Anderson Manufacturing company, bicycles; L. F. Kilroy & Co., publishers; Beck & Knight, bookbinders; the Detroit Publishing company, and the People's Publishing company. The losses will aggregate $35,000; partially insured.

THE HAWAIIAN QUESTION.

Secretary Gresham's Letter to the President on the Situation.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 13.—After the cabinet meeting a letter was given out for publication by Secretary Gresham, which he had previously addressed to the president, concerning Hawaiian affairs. It is based upon what the secretary describes as "the full and impartial report" submitted by J. H. Blount, Cleveland's special commissioner to the Hawaiian island. After telling how the provisional government of the island was formed the secretary says:

"Should not the great wrong done to a feeble independent state by an abuse of the authority of the United States be undone by restoring the legitimate government? Anything short of that will not, I respectfully submit, satisfy the demands of justice. Can the United States consistently insist that other nations shall respect the independence of Hawaii while not respecting it themselves? Our government was the first to recognize the independence of the islands and should be the last to assume sovereignty over them by force and fraud."

An Uneasy Feeling.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 13.—Hawaiian Consul Wilder was disagreeably surprised when he presented a draft drawn on the provisional government of Hawaii and the bank refused to honor it. It was explained to him by bank officials that they did not know what might happen in Honolulu when the contents of Secretary Gresham's letter became known there and they did not care to take risks. Heretofore drafts on the provisional government have been paid without question. It is also stated here that merchants are uneasy about the situation and they are making no shipments of freight to Honolulu on the Monowai which leaves here Thursday. They are waiting to see what is going to happen.

MAYOR HARRISON'S WILL.

He Left an Estate Scheduled at Nearly One Million Dollars.

CHICAGO, Nov. 11.—Preliminary steps looking to the probating of the will of the late Carter H. Harrison were taken before Judge Kohlsaat. The estate disposed of is scheduled at $950,000, there being $600,000 in realty and $350,000 in personal property. The will was drawn in 1890. The executors are the testator's three elder children—Mrs. Caroline D. Owsley, Carter H. Harrison, Jr., and William Preston Harrison. The principal public bequest is one of $10,000 to any charity which may be selected by the executors. With the exception of this request the entire estate is left to the testator's four children.

The instrument recites that during the testator's life $45,500 was given to each of the three elder children, and before the estate is to be divided a like sum must be paid to the youngest child, Miss Sophie Harrison. After this payment the remainder of the estate is to be divided equally among the four children. By the provisions of the will no division is to be made for two years. At the expiration of that time each heir is to be given one-half of his or her share in fee simple and the other half in the form of a life interest.

In Memory of the Anarchists.

CHICAGO, Nov. 13.—Two thousand five hundred people gathered at Waldheim cemetery, where services were held in commemoration of the hanging of Spies and the other anarchists. The crowd was addressed by Fielden and Schwab, the pardoned anarchists, and others. There was no disorderly demonstration.

Will Hoist the Imperial Flag.

LONDON, Nov. 14.—The Times publishes the following paragraph: "We learn, through a private channel, that on Tuesday the leaders of the Brazilian insurrection held a conference, at which it was decided to hoist the imperial flag and to direct their efforts towards the restoration of the monarchy."

Dynamite Outrage in Spain.

BARCELONA, Nov. 2.—A dynamite bomb thrown by alleged anarchists into the midst of a crowded theatre is the latest outrage and disaster to be recorded in Spain. Eighteen were killed many injured.

Will Ask for a Change of Venue.

CHICAGO, Nov. 2.—Prendergast's lawyers will in all likelihood ask for a change of venue when the case is called before Judge Dunne Nov. 27, claiming that a fair trial cannot be obtained in Cook county.

IT WAS A LANDSLIDE.

JACKSON DEFEATS BOIES IN THE HAWKEYE STATE.

McKinley Elected by the Largest Plurality Since 1863—New York Goes Republican, Maynard Being Defeated by About 85,000—Greenhalge Defeats Russell for Governor of Massachusetts.

DES MOINES, Ia., Nov. 9.—The returns from the election come in slowly, and it will be a day or two before the complete figures of Jackson's victory over Boies will be known. The estimates so far are borne out by later returns, however. In speaking of the result Mr. Jackson said that it was due largely to the gallant manner in which the old soldiers and young men rallied to the Republican standard. He gave great credit to Chairman Blythe's organization.

At this writing it looks as though the Bennett-Mitchell vote would not be over 8,000 to 12,000 and that the Populist vote would hardly exceed the 20,000 which they had last fall. The legislature will probably stand: House—Republicans, 74; Democrats, 26. Senate—Republicans, 32; Democrats, 18. Republican majority on joint ballot, 62. This is the largest majority that the Republicans have had in the legislature for many years. It is given out by the friends of Congressman J. H. Gear of the First Iowa district that a majority of the Republican members of the legislature are already pledged to support him for the United States senate to succeed James F. Wilson.

OHIO GOES REPUBLICAN.

McKinley's Plurality the Largest in the State Since 1863.

COLUMBUS, Nov. 9.—At Democratic state headquarters they concede the result such as to give them no cause for looking after returns. Chairman Dick of the Republican headquarters has late unofficial returns indicating that McKinley's plurality is between 70,000 and 80,000, the largest in the history of the state except in 1863.

The complete returns of the legislative ticket show that the senate will stand 25 to 7 in favor of the Republicans and the house of representatives 83 to 24 for the Republicans. The Republican committee is revising the returns as rapidly as possible and expects within a day or so to give substantially the official figures. The figures have lost all interest for the committee at Democratic headquarters and they are doing nothing further than to discuss the causes which led to the result. The favorite expression with them is that the Republicans struck a rare good streak of luck. The Democrats are not inclined to blame the administration, and think they were a victim of depression and unfavorable circumstances.

According to full returns in the hands of the Ohio Republican committee McKinley's plurality is 81,347.

TAMMANY ROUTED.

Isaac H. Maynard Defeated by a Majority of About 85,000.

ALBANY, Nov. 9.—The latest newspaper advices give John Palmer, Rep., for secretary of state, 28,500 plurality over Cord Meyer, Dem. The latest figures on associate judge of the court of appeals give Bartlett, Rep., 85,000 plurality over Maynard, Dem. The rest of the Republican ticket is elected by pluralities ranging about that for Palmer. Governor Flower by means of private dispatches received estimates Palmer's plurality at 20,000. The Republicans have also carried both branches of the legislature, the senate standing, Republicans 18, Democrats 14; the assembly, Republicans 74, Democrats 54.

Brooklyn overwhelmed the ring with a plurality of over 27,000 for Shiren for mayor and Kings county completed the route by electing the entire Republican ticket by 8,500. Gaynor defeated Pearsall for justice of the supreme court, his plurality in Kings county being 22,000. The board of aldermen is Republican, 11 to 5. Five supervisors were gained.

Greenhalge Defeats Russell.

BOSTON, Nov. 9.—The election in Massachusetts was a sweeping victory for the Republicans. William E. Russell, the young Democratic champion, was elected three times successively, but his successor upon the ticket, John E. Russell, was carried down by a plurality of at least 35,000. The Republicans gained 3,500 in Boston, the Democratic stronghold. The falling off in the Democratic vote prevailed throughout the state. Returns from thirty-five towns gave Greenhalge 29,974; Russell, 25,209. The other cities to hear from will only increase Greenhalge's lead. The Republicans will have a substantial majority, probably two-thirds, in both branches of the legislature.

The Chicago Election.

CHICAGO, Nov. 9.—The corrected figures of Tuesday's election show that Judge Gary had 11,497 more votes than the highest defeated candidate for superior judge (full term). John Showalter. This figure, therefore, represents his plurality. The other successful judicial candidates are Nathaniel C. Sears, Edmund W. Burke, John Gibbons, Abner Smith, Elbridge Haney, Henry V. Freeman, Arthur Chetlain and George F. Blanke, all Republicans, and John Barton Payne, Democrat. There seems to be no reasonable doubt that the fifteen Republican county commissioners are elected.

Kansas Populists Concede Defeat.

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 9.—The Star's Topeka special says: Additional returns from the election swell the Republican pluralities and the Populists concede that they have been badly defeated. Sufficient reports have been received by the newspapers and the two state central committees to warrant the Republican claim of a large plurality of the aggregate vote and it will probably appear that the victory is really a majority over both the Populist and Democratic vote.

Harrison Elected in Nebraska.

OMAHA, Nov. 9.—Chairman Deaver of the Populist state central committee admits the defeat of Judge Holcomb and the election of Harrison, Rep., to the supreme bench. Returns are received that increase Harrison's lead and he will undoubtedly have 6,000 plurality over Holcomb. The three Republican candidates for regents are also elected by good margins.

New Jersey Goes Republican.

NEWARK, Nov. 9.—The next New Jersey senate will stand ten Democrats and eleven Republicans, a Republican gain of six, and the assembly will be twenty Democrats and forty Republicans, a Republican gain of twenty-five. The Republicans also made a hard fight on the sheriffs,

Sacred Serpents.

A general belief in the divine character and healing powers of the sacred serpent is to be met with all over Egypt. Even the myths which the old Egyptians associated with the snake are still prevalent. Egyptians of all classes still believe that when "a serpent grows old wings grow out of its body," and that there are serpents which kill by darting flames in the victim's face. How old such beliefs are in this country need not be repeated to those who have seen the pictures in the tombs of the kings at Thebes. The seref, or "flying serpent," and the snake from whose mouth flames issue are among the commonest of the figures painted on their walls.

It is not, however, as Kakodaemon, but as Agathodaemon, that the divine serpent of ancient Egypt still maintains his chief hold on the belief of the Egyptian people. Each house still has its harras, or "guardian snake," commonly known as the harras el bet, "the protector of the house." The snake is fed with milk and eggs, and care is taken not to do it harm. A servant of mine, who was born at Helwan, near Cairo, has often told me about the guardian snake of his father's house. It was a large one, and used to come out at night for the sake of the food that was offered it and to glide over the bodies of the sleeping family. It never did any of them any mischief, "as it was always treated well." One day a stranger snake made its appearance at the door of the house; the harras at once went against it, and after a short struggle killed the intruder.—Contemporary Review.

Would See Her Later.

Coming over from the east side the other day a University car was filled with all sorts and conditions of passengers, conspicuous among them being some jolly university students. Opposite the boys sat a hard featured female, evidently on her way from a meeting. Next to her sat a bright faced woman talking with a friend. Naturally the talk drifted upon the subject of the revival meetings, and the friend asked:

"I suppose you have been to some of them?"

"No, I have not," the other replied. "I haven't had time," and as she spoke she signaled the conductor to let her off the car.

At her words the hard featured female sitting next to her quickly turned, and leaning forward said in solemn tones:

'Haven't had time! Will you have time to go to hell?"

The car had stopped and as the lady reached the door she hurriedly retorted:

"If I have, I'll see you later."

Then she stepped into the street perfectly conscious of having been able to squelch a woman who didn't know enough to mind her own business.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Novel Manifolding.

An Italian inventor proposes a novel method for duplicating copies of writing. The mechanism for this purpose is provided with two pens, supported by a framework in such a manner that their points are always in the same horizontal plane; a pen at the right is intended for the operator or writer, and the least stroke made by this pen is at the same time duplicated by a pen at the left. The framework is so joined and hinged that the pens can be moved in any direction, and a counterbalance takes the weight of the frame from the hand, so that the act of writing is made almost as easy as with the usual pen and holder.

Two ink wells are provided at the base of the stand, and the dipping of a pen in one well causes the pen to dip in the opposite well; and when the two sheets of paper to be written on are placed parallel to each other and secured the remainder of the work is as simple as ordinary writing. The instrument is designed in especial for furnishing duplicates of contracts and of those legal and other documents which it is often desirable to have duplicated not only in words, but also in the paper and handwriting.—New York Sun.

Fooled the Professor Twice.

The examinations at a certain "prep." school were in progress. The boys were working busily over their papers, and the grim old professor was watching sharply from his desk. Presently he noticed that one of the students, a prominent ne'er do well, was consulting his watch with considerable frequency. The professor studied him. In five minutes he had looked at the timepiece three times. This was enough for the guardian. He called the student to his desk and demanded the watch. It was given him, and he opened it. Across the face was a piece of paper bearing the legend "Fooled." But the worthy professor was not to be so easily deceived. He gave the student a sharp, knowing glance, turned the timepiece over and opened the back cover. It opened with considerable difficulty, and, behold, there was another slip of paper bearing the information, "Fooled again, old fogy."—Boston Budget.

A Newspaper of Long Ago.

Mrs. Julia A. Burlingame, who recently returned from an extended trip east, brought with her a copy of The Balance and New York State Journal, published Sept. 8, 1809, which was presented to her by relatives. The paper has been the property of the Burlingame family since the day it was printed. It was published in New York city by Croswell & Frary, "printers to the people," and contained a large and varied assortment of clippings from such papers as The Northern Whig, and matter which then passed for news, but which would be entirely out of place in the news columns of the papers of today. The editorials would read well in the modern newspapers.—Portland Oregonian.

PRAIRIE STATE ITEMS.

INTERESTING NEWS NOTES CONCERNING ILLINOISANS.

Telegraphic Reports of Crimes, Casualties, and Miscellaneous Happenings from Different Parts of the State—News Prepared for Illinois Readers.

ODIN, Ills., Nov. 13.—This county has been thrown into a state of high excitement by the finding of the skeletons of two bodies in a pond between this place and Centralia. The pond is in the pasture on a farm known as the Alexander McClelland place, and is located about five miles southwest of Odin, near the track of the Illinois Central railroad. The farm was settled many years ago by Alexander McClelland. Some time after his first wife died he married a young woman, and they lived together but a short time, because, it is said, of the efforts of two sons of Mr. McClelland to engender hard feelings between them. The couple separated, leaving McClelland and his four sons living on the farm.

Mysterious Disappearance.

About seven or eight years ago, as told by the neighbors, McClelland took a car of live stock to Chicago and returned with a large amount of money. On his return he left the train at Sandoval, a station about three miles north of his home. He was seen at that place by several acquaintances, and was supposed to have gone from there to his home. He then disappeared from public gaze, and with him a son aged 19 years. No satisfactory reason could be assigned for the disappearance of father and son. The public is firm in the belief that the bodies found are those of Alexander McClelland and his son, and that they were murdered years ago and buried in the pond. The manner in which the bodies were buried would indicate a well planned course on the part of the murderer or murderers. Public feeling is at a high degree of excitement.

The Trial of Young Swarthout.

MORRISON, Ill., Nov. 13.—The lawyers are to-day arguing the case of Ernest Swarthout, on trial for helping to kill his father. The most important evidence for the defense was that of a confession made by John Swarthout just before he died in jail last July, knowing at the time that he was going to die. In this confession he said that he alone killed his father with a pistol and that Ernest was innocent of the charge. The judge admitted that part of the confession referring to John, but struck out that referring to Ernest. The jury only heard the part admitted.

Found Guilty of Abduction.

GALESBURG, Ill., Nov. 10.—The verdict of the jury in the case against James Butts, the abductor of Eliza Sherington, was opened in the circuit court in the presence of a large audience. The Sheringtons were all present, while Butts' only companion was the turnkey. The jury found him guilty and gave him the extreme limit of the law, ten years in the penitentiary. His attorney made the usual motion for a new trial and talks of appealing in case it is denied. Butts was hurried to the jail for safe keeping, for the feeling against him and his relatives was bitter.

Miss Board Will Recover.

BENTON, Ills., Nov. 11.—Miss Clara Board, the president of the W. C. T. U., of Illinois, who was injured by the running away of Judge Flannagan's horse here, is reported better. Her right arm was broken and her wrist dislocated. She also suffered from a severe contusion of the head. Her most serious injury, however, was to her back and for a while the physician thought internal injuries might give some trouble. These, however, did not develop and her condition is so much improved that she is recovering and may be able to leave her bed in a week.

German Bank at Freeport.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Nov. 13.—The auditor of public accounts issued a permit to organize the German bank at Freeport. The capital stock is $150,000, and the incorporators are Charles O. Colmann, Diedrich B. Schulte, Mathias Hettinger, Joseph J. Hettinger, and David F. Graham.

Illinois Miners Striking.

PETERSBURG, Nov. 8.—The miners of the Hipptop, South Valley and Junction shafts are out on strike here, and work at these mines is suspended for the time being.

Resignation of a Railway Man.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Nov. 14.—Cullen M. Stanton, for eighteen years superintendent of the Illinois division of the Ohio and Mississippi railroad, has resigned to take effect Dec. 1.

Thanksgiving Proclamation.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Nov. 10.—Governor Altgeld has issued his proclamation designating Thursday, Nov. 30, as Thanksgiving day and a legal holiday.

Another Farmer "Wins" $5,000.

LIMA, O., Nov. 14.—Two strangers made a contract with Farmer Bright, who lives near Troy and is very wealthy, for the purchase of his farm at a fancy figure. On the way to town to close up the deal they met a third stranger, who proposed a game of cards. Farmer Bright won $5,000, but before he could get the money he was required to show that amount. This he did by going to the Troy bank and returning with the money, when the three fellows set upon him and, almost killing him, took the money away from him and made their escape. Bright's wife died from the shock produced by the loss.

Arrest of an Embezzler.

NEW YORK, Nov. 14.—Detective Heidelburg, from Superintendent Byrnes' office, boarded the steamer Werra at quarantine and arrested a cabin passenger named L. A. Hilliard, aged 23, who embarked at Gibraltar and is wanted at Chicago for embezzling $30,000 from the Chicago Tribune, of which he was cashier. He absconded in September last and ran away to Europe. Staff Officer Corwin of The Tribune and Detective Wood of the Chicago police, with requisition papers, met the steamer at quarantine also and arrested the young man.

Aged Hero Honored.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 14.—It has been almost an average lifetime since the close of the civil war, but medals for distinguished gallantry are even at this tardy date being awarded by a grateful government. The latest of the aged heroes to be honored is Major General Julius H. Stahel, U. S. V., of New York. The war department has just awarded him a congressional medal for "Distinguished gallantry at the battle of Piedmont, June 5, 1864." General Stahel has since the war also earned distinction in the diplomatic service of the United States in Japan and China.

THE NEWS CONDENSED

Items of Interest Boiled Down for the Busy Reader.

Controller Trusler will ask the council at Indianapolis, Ind., for permission to make a temporary loan of $150,000 to pay off a number of smaller loans made during the recent campaign.

An epidemic of scarlet fever has broken out at Ripon, Wis. Over fifty cases are reported. The school board has ordered every school in the city closed.

Charles Davis of Moulton, Ia., was caught under a tree he had chopped down and crushed to death.

Benjamin Williams, a brakeman on the Des Moines and Kansas City railroad, was killed in a wreck near Des Moines.

Frank E. Burns, aged 23, a brakeman, walked off a car in the Rice Point yards, at Duluth, and had his head severed completely from his body.

Eli Noll of Connersville, Ind., while intoxicated, attempted to cross the L. E. and W. railroad in front of a passenger train. His wagon was torn to atoms and he will probably die.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts' latest philanthropical scheme has for its object the poor of Europe after their arrival in America. She believes that the emigrants need help immediately upon landing.

* * *

John Davis of Lewiston, Ills., while intoxicated, fell from his wagon and was kicked to death by the horses.

The Panhandle will completely abandon the use of stoves in heating cars. Steam heat from the locomotive will be used instead.

Harold Hatch, a farmer, was held up near Eau Claire, Wis., by masked highwaymen and robbed of $25 and a gold watch.

A Kansas woman of 42 has buried four husbands.

Children in the Isle of Man study spelling by singing the component letters of a word in concert to a monotonous chant of two notes.

An otter has been trained by a Grayling, Mich., sportsman to dive into streams and capture fish.

James Elliott, a business man at Knightsville, Ind., was frightfully bitten about the throat and face by a vicious dog. He may die.

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As the result of an old feud Edward Perin was shot and killed at Augusta, Ga., by J. W. Clapp.

President Bacon's private car was hauled over the Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern from St. Louis to Washington, Ind., a distance of 165 miles in 165 minutes.

The Baltimore and Ohio has borrowed $3,000,000 in London. The money will be used mainly in extensions.

Eastern dealers are said to ship oleomargarine to the northwest and dispose of it as creamery butter.

At the instance of P. B. Martiniello, a Boston detective, Antonio Sacco, his godfather, was arrested at Chicago, charged with murder.

By a vote of 14 to 2 the board of education of Chicago decided to make typewriting part of the course of study in evening schools.

Elwood, Ind., Republicans, wild with joy over the result in Ohio, have sent McKinley a tin horn twelve feet long.

* * *

A man claiming to be A. T. Castleman of Hagnell, Tex., was arrested at Bald Knob, Ark., on suspicion of knowing something of the Oliphant train robbery.

William Smith, alleged train robber, who was shot at Coal Creek a week ago, died at Knoxville, Tenn. Policeman Barney Irwin, who did the shooting, was arrested on a charge of murder in the first degree.

Joseph Funk and Mrs. Ida Brown, while walking on the track of the Kansas City and Council Bluffs road near St. Joseph, Mo., were run down by a freight train and killed.

Mme. Aimee Rapin, the armless young Genevoise artist, who did a noted pastel of the Duchess of York, can draw with her feet much better than many artists do with their hands.

Two negro children were accidentally burned to death on Sampson Jenkins' farm near Bowling Green, Ky.

The counties of Michigan will receive $471,897, primary school money. The two apportionments this year aggregated $1,000,000.

* * *

Henry Miller, a passenger engineer on the Chicago and Northwestern road, saved the life of a child by running ahead of his locomotive and lifted the little one from the track.

A young man supposed to be John Barrett of New York took a drink of whisky in Brody's saloon, Baraboo, Wis., and dropped to the floor dead.

Five new cases of yellow fever were reported at Brunswick, Ga., with no deaths.

Philip Arnold was fatally and Mrs. Arnold and Miss Mast seriously injured in a runaway accident at Huntington, Ind.

Postmaster John Clegg of the Atlantic Mine, near Hancock, Mich., has been reported missing since Monday.

Four members of the Smith family living near Fayette, Ills., have died within two days from drinking water from a well in which was the decomposed body of a muskrat.

Blood Poisoning

Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon, a very intelligent lady of Piqua, Ohio, was poisoned while assisting physicians at an autopsy 5 years ago, and soon terrible ulcers broke out on her head, arms, tongue and throat. Her hair all came out. Her husband spent hundreds of dollars without any benefit. She weighed but 78 pounds, and saw no prospect of help. At last she began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and at once improved; could soon get out of bed and walk. She says, "I became perfectly cured by

Mrs. M. E. O'Fallon.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and am now a well woman. I weigh 128 pounds, eat well and do the work for a large family. My case seems a wonderful recovery and physicians look at me in astonishment, as almost like one raised from the dead."

HOOD'S PILLS should be in every family medicine chest. Once used, always preferred.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.50
Six Months.....1.25
Single Copies.....05
Clubs of five, or more, by mail, yearly each. 2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 18, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—Rosina Vokes

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—James J. Corbett

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—The Bostonians

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Geary Thatcher & Hyams.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"Blue Jeans."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Road to Ruin."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"After the Ball."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"A Railroad Ticket."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

ENGLISH DYNAMITARDS IN CHICAGO.

THE CITIZEN has been struck by the tender bearing of the Chicago newspapers toward Thomas J. Morgan, the English socialist and agitator, who spoke at the Stead meeting, held in Central Music Hall, last Sunday evening, the following words, as reported in the Chicago *Herald* of Monday:

"Your hungry men out of employment meet on the lake front, and, by the strong arm of the law, are thrust back into their tenement houses in order that those who come to see the glories of the White City may not see the ulcer that is not only gnawing at the foundations of the White City but at those of the Garden City itself. Will these things be corrected, now that they have been spoken of by one who is the associate of the best men in the city? Will these men in the city listen to the voice of labor, now that Mr. Stead has voiced it? If it is not attended to, do you think that some man will not get up again and say, 'Stab the law!' 'Throttle the law!' I received a telegram yesterday from Mr. Stead, 'Bring Sam Fielden.' I tried to get him. He lives on West Polk street. Do you know where that is? He has two small rooms. He was out when I went there, but Mrs. Fielden and the children were there. Mrs. Fielden told me that Fielden had to work from 5 o'clock in the morning till 9 at night. She gets up at 4 o'clock. That is the best he can do to provide for his family. What would you well-fed people think of those homes? Yet thousands of men in this city would tear one another to pieces to get Sam Fielden's job. Thousands fought for work at a dollar a day. Tens of thousands assembled at the Columbus monument demanding work. Thousands were at the World's Fair gates ready to assist in the work of demolition. Do you think this state of things can continue to exist? The trodden worm will turn. I do not advocate arming the working classes, but it may happen that down in your midst, as at Barcelona, a bomb may be thrown. (Confusion and cries of dissent.) I do not say this to alarm, but if Mr. Stead, for the sake of Christ and true religion, does not wake you up, then I hope dynamite may stir you up. (Cries of "No!" "No!")

It may be remarked that there were comparatively few starving, or unemployed, men in Chicago when Fielden, another Englishman by the way, said "Stab the law! Throttle the law!" and the bomb was thrown in the Haymarket. If an Irishman had uttered the words used by Morgan, at the Central Music Hall meeting, he would have been stigmatized as a murderous ruffian. THE CITIZEN deeply sympathizes with the distress of the poor and unemployed, and hopes that immediate organized steps for their relief will be taken. We are threatened with a repetition of the scenes of 1873, or worse, and certainly something practical must be done to tide the people who are suffering over the long, hard winter. But, at the same time, THE CITIZEN characterizes Morgan's reference to the bomb throwing at Barcelona as infamous, and his hope that dynamite might be used to wake the wealthy people up to charity was a practical suggestion thrown out to some crank to carry such a policy into effect. Only a few years ago, O'Donovan Rossa, and others, were held up to execration in this country, because they were supposed to have been the cause of certain comparatively harmless explosions in London, at the time Ireland was ground under the iron heel of coercion. Did any Irishman in America ever utter such language, or any approach to it, as was uttered by the Englishman, Morgan?

Another thing, too, in this connection is worthy of remark. If any American, of Mr. Stead's prominence, were to go to London and assemble in one of its most conspicuous halls, a combination of cranks and anarchists, with here and there, perhaps, an honest workingman among them, what would the English papers say of such interference? They would say, immediately, that the "Yankee" was in London to promote disorder. Why does not Stead attend to the wants of his own countrymen? How long is it since the London mob cried for "Bread or Blood?" Americans have, generally, been able to provide against their own social dangers without the impertinent interference of English literary adventurers.

ABOUT THE RECENT IRISH "SWEET ABURNS."

Our patriotic Irish contemporary, *United Ireland*, is much chagrined over the scant display Ireland made at the recent World's Fair, and calls it "Ireland's Humiliation." It seems to be puzzled in regard to the two Irish Villages, as in fact everybody here was at first. *United Ireland*, speaking of the paucity of the Irish exhibit in general, asks "Why?" and answers itself in this wise:

"There is but one reply: because Lady Aberdeen organized what was called an 'Irish Village.' This, according to the Irish papers of Dublin and Cork, was the representative exhibition of this country at the greatest exhibition the world has ever seen, as a country containing millions of Irish men and women. Occasion was taken, too, to emphasize the point, when Mrs. Ernest Hart claimed some consideration for her 'Donegal Village.' It was, apparently, impudent for Mrs. Hart to come with another Irish Village betwixt the wind and Lady Aberdeen's nobility; and so the mayors of the Irish Nationalist cities, including Dublin and Cork, went out of their way to snub Mrs. Hart and to declare that Lady Aberdeen's exhibition had been established 'in pursuance of a wide-spread movement supported by representatives of all sections of the community irrespective of creed, party or class,' and that in their opinion it was 'a thoroughly representative undertaking.' This manœuvre to make much of Lady Aberdeen at the expense of Mrs. Hart we exposed at the time, believing, as we did, in the good intentions of both ladies. As a matter of fact—to dwell for a moment on this minor aspect of a very large question—so far as we in Ireland may now judge, Mrs. Hart's show has been a much better one than Lady Aberdeen's; proof for which statement is to be found in the fact that while several of Mrs. Hart's exhibits have received awards of merit, we are not aware that any of Lady Aberdeen's have received any such distinction."

After quoting from THE CITIZEN, in regard to the flag hoisting incident, our contemporary proceeds to say:

"We are not, however, in any way concerned about the relative merits of the Aberdeen and Hart 'Irish Villages.' Both ladies are, no doubt, estimable and philanthropic persons, and they are concerned in this question only because they were the innocent means of leaving the impression on the minds of the American people that Irishmen have no business capacity, and that, in fact, they are a mere nation of histrionic paupers and fiddlers. The point is, that the Irish people have been led to believe, and that the American people have been led to believe, that these 'Irish Villages' were truly representative of the arts and industries of Ireland. Now, at the finish, the truth leaks out that, not alone have they not been this, but that they have been Ireland's deepest humiliation. Nor is proof of this now wanting—now, when it is too late to be of any service. Lord Mayor Shanks was one of the signatories to the resolution which advertised Lady Aberdeen's project. What does he say now, that he has seen it? On the celebrated occasion of the World's Fair banquet Mr. Shanks made a speech which was nothing less than an impeachment of the whole 'Irish Village' idea, of which so much has been made by the Irish press. While American States were represented at the World's Fair, Ireland, he declared, was not represented. She was to come in merely at the tail of British industries. The Irish Villages did not represent Ireland. In fact, he said, 'we are not proud of our exhibition here, and we have not an exhibition which is a mirror of Ireland.'

"We find it altogether impossible to repress our feelings of indignation at this national calamity. There never was a greater opportunity of doing a stroke of business for the old land. Unionist and Nationalist, Turk, Jew and Atheist, we allowed it to pass by. In the meantime little States like Canada, and New South Wales and Mexico, and Bolivia, were preparing to take advantage of the great occasion, and to the World's Fair went the flower of their new and vigorous civilization. Ah, someone says, but these are young, stalwart and self-governing countries. What, then, we ask, of Poland, with her glorious exhibition of national art? Perhaps it is better to drop the subject, and to bid good-bye to the World's Fair. As an Irish journal we do so with relief."

Our impressionable contemporary seems to take altogether too serious a view of the situation. Perhaps a great opportunty was missed, but what then? Is not the whole world familiar with lost opportunities, which, had they not been lost, might have ended disastrously? Other opportunities will arise, for which Ireland, being now forewarned, can be prepared.

Of course, we all know that the Irish Villages did not thoroughly represent Irish industrial progress; but, after all, the things, animate and inanimate, they displayed were more Irish than the "Royal Commissioners" and other Queen's Irish, including poor Mr. Shanks—we beg his pardon, Shawnks—himself, with his collah of gold. Just fawncy, yeh knaw, Fineen O'Driscoll, the red-headed duck, who wanted to prosecute, pon honawh, the boys who tore down the Union Jawck from Blawney Cawstle, an Irishman! And then, yeh knaw, fawncy Awthish O'Connah in the same light! And the Punchinello of the "pawty," Chollie Barrington," who "so loved his Queen, yeh knaw." Good Lud!

IRISH NATIONAL CELEBRATION.

The Irish Nationalists of Chicago will celebrate the twenty-sixth anniversary of the martyrdom of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien at Manchester, in Central Music Hall, next Monday evening, Nov. 20. They are obliged to celebrate the event three days in advance of the anniversary proper because they could not obtain the hall, which had been pre-engaged, on a more convenient date. But it is near enough to the proper one to satisfy every reasonable person. Senator Joseph P. Mahoney will occupy the chair, and the orators of the occasion will be, the Hon. Christopher A. Gallagher, one of the leading lawyers of the Northwest, and a resident of Minneapolis, Minn., who has been heard and appreciated hitherto by Chicago audiences; and the Rev. Dennis P. O'Brien, of this city, as patriotic a clergyman as ever left "the old sod." An excellent musical programme, which will include vocal and instrumental numbers by artists of high standing, has been arranged. We sincerely hope that the Irish Nationalists of Chicago will turn out in full strength to honor the occasion, and also to honor the ladies and gentlemen who are to participate in the celebration.

IS GROVER CLEVELAND CRAZY?

The stout party, whom an infatuated people and the inscrutable decrees of providence, recently placed in the executive chair of this republic, seems to be suffering at present from an aggravated case of fatty degeneration of gray matter. He must have been, while nursing the latest baby on his corpulent knee, conning over that portion of the History of England which relates to the restoration of the Stuart family, in the person of Charles II, by General Monk and his army. Monk made a good thing in lands and title out of his transaction, but our "restorer," by pursuing his present policy, is giving away both lands and title. Never was there a clearer case of official insanity. The proposition of the president of a republic to re-establish a monarchy in the Sandwich Islands, is much more monstrous, and illogical, than was the attempt of Napoleon III to establish an empire in Mexico. THE CITIZEN must confess that, although it has ever considered Mr. Cleveland merely a man of luck, it did not think him capable of commiting such a crime against public decency and political common-sense as his proposed re-establishment of the porky matron, "Queen" Liliuokalani, on the Hawaiian "throne." It looks like playing at war with tin soldiers, this playing at monarchical restoration by the political urchins, Cleveland and Gresham.

The president is afflicted with an intense jealousy of his predecessor, Benjamin Harrison. Anything "Ben" was for "Grover" is against, and vice versa. He has no American broadness of view. When he chose that Georgian Tory, Mr. Blount, as his representative in Hawaii, Mr. Cleveland chose a gentleman who is not in the least sentimentally concerned about upholding the American flag. Mr. Blount is simply a Georgian, with an extra large "G," who has no use for a nation, with an extra large "N." Mr. Blount fought for four years, we believe, to diminish the American "N" to the very finest agate. The sight of the Stars and Stripes waving proudly in the winds of the Pacific, as it announced to the delighted inhabitants of Hawaii the American protectorate, had no charms in the eyes of Mr. Blount. Did he not see that same flag flying in triumph over his surrendered fellow rebels at Appomattox or in North Carolina? Of course it had to come down, and down it came. Appomattox was, in part, avenged.

Does any rational American citizen imagine for a moment that an old Union soldier, of any party, would have acted like Mr. Blount? Of course it may be said that Gresham is an old Union soldier, and an ex-Republican. Yes; but very little firmness can be expected from a man who quit his party more out of pique than principle, and who aided so materially in saddling us with an administration the very threat of whose future policy is sufficient to bring doubt and disaster to the material interests of the country. Mr. Cleveland is Gresham's captor, and he knows how to handle his captive. Of course Gresham could resign, but where would he go to hide his diminished head? The Republicans certainly would not welcome him back to their fold, remembering bitterly the hour in which he forsook them; and, then, the vista of the supreme bench would be closed forever by the act of his self emancipation.

About the only member of Mr. Cleveland's cabinet who has shown the least tendency toward American nationalism is Secretary Herbert, who, although, like Mr. Blount, an ex-rebel, is a much broader and more progressive man, as has been illustrated in his administration of the navy department. Cleveland himself is a dull reactionist. Hoke Smith is a reactionist, and an enemy of the Union veterans; Carlisle is insane on the subject of free trade, and Gresham, as we have said, is harnessed to the Cleveland truck and must go where he is driven.

Really, if Mr. Cleveland persists in his Hawaiian policy, he may leave himself liable to impeachment. Andrew Johnson narrowly escaped being impeached for a policy less dangerous. At first, the country was inclined to receive the news of the president's desire to re-seat the Queen of the Cannibal Islands as a joke. It could not comprehend that grown men would place themselves in a position so puerile and ridiculous. What a pretty spectacle it will be—the army and navy of the United States employed to foist upon the people of the Sandwich Islands a ruler whom they have once repudiated! The spectacle of the Holy Alliance forcing the Bourbons on the people of France was, at least, imposing. Cleveland's programme is overwhelmingly ludicrous. Perhaps it might be as well to have a commission of lunacy appointed by congress, when it meets, to inquire into the sanity of the president of the United States.

SLIPPERY ABERDEEN.

The Canadian "Catholic" papers, apparently, want to shove the Aberdeens' political lie down the throats of the Irish in that half-shell monarchy. Following in the track of the *Canadian Freeman* comes the *Catholic Register*, of Toronto, Ont., which, in its issue of Nov. 2, contains, in the first place, a most lordly lie, uttered by Lord Aberdeen at the Pavilion in Toronto, on the occasion of his visit to that city, the latter part of October. Aberdeen is reported as having said:

"Well, you have, no doubt, heard of that unfortunate incident which occurred in connection with this Irish village, which has otherwise been so successful. I am sorry to say that, as might have been expected, it has been almost impossible for the representatives of the press, with all their activity and energy, in the midst of the vast crowds which have been thronging the exhibition, to get an accurate version of what occurred. For instance, I noticed in one of our excellent journals that a vast crowd had been collected around the Irish village, and that an attempt had been made to rescue one of the offenders. As it happens, I am informed that these parties were arrested for some other cause; in the confusion it was assumed that it was in connection with the incident I have mentioned. Indeed, a friend of mine asked someone what the disturbance was, and he was told that somebody wanted to run off with the Blarney stone."

Well, Lord Aberdeen! Not all the blood of all the Gordons can remove the assumption that your ludship's progenitor was one Ananias, whose fate ought to be a warning to his descendants. A governor-general of Canada ought to be ashamed to lie, but, evidently, his "ludship" is not. Yet, even he is decent compared with the Catholic editors, who chime in with "True for your ludship's mightiness—True for your ludship." Editorially the *Register* says:

"When the Union Jack was hoisted over the Irish village in honor of Lord and Lady Aberdeen's visit, some few inconsiderate, it may be subsidized, individuals, supposed to be Irishmen, attempted to haul down the British ensign. The inmates and employes in the village interfered, however, and drove out the intruders. In speaking of this little episode the London *Free Press* added, no doubt on its own responsibility, 'that several thousands of Irishmen aided in pulling down the British flag.' This additional item of what occurred was advisedly inserted by the *Free Press* with a view to damage the cause of home rule and prejudice Englishmen everywhere against the irreconcilable Irish, held up by Lord Salisbury as 'the common foe.'"

Blatheration, Mr. *Catholic Register*! Thousands of Irishmen were not needed to pull down the felon flag of England; but hundreds of thousands would have assisted in the good work if necessary. They would not interfere with the British flag, or any other symbol, where it properly belonged, but, put over an Irish village, they felt it to be an insult, and an outrage, and acted accordingly. What is the matter with these Canadian Irish? What are they afraid of? The atmosphere of Canada seems to be destructive of their manhood. It used not to be so. Canada, in other days, furnished Lomasneys and Murphys, and others, to battle bravely for Ireland, and they had no reverence for the British flag, or those who floated it. If the Canadian Irish, or any other section of the Irish race, think they can obtain anything by a policy of cowardly hypocrisy, they are grossly deceived. THE CITIZEN says plainly that any Irishman who loves, or honors, the British flag is no longer an Irishman, but a slave and a renegade. He belongs among the enemy and should remain there.

The *Register* also quotes Lady Aberdeen as saying, at another reception, "Indeed, the president of the Federation (Who is the man? We never heard of him.) made an offer to me to prosecute the offenders (the brave boys who tore down the flag) to the utmost rigor of the law—at his own expense!" Generous President of the "Federation!" Well, he would have had his labor for his pains. Of course, he was only humbugging Lady Aberdeen, just as she, in turn, was humbugging the Canadians. Ugh! these flunkeys make us weary.

"THE CITIZEN" VERSUS "THE IRISH (ORANGE) CATHOLIC."

The gloomy and dyspeptic *Irish Catholic*, of Dublin, which quarters the name of Davis' *Nation* on its shield, in order to show some claims to patriotic paternity, in its issue of Oct. 21, attempts to maul THE CITIZEN because of an editorial, published on Sept. 30, in which Owen Roe O'Neill was represented as returning from Spain to his native country, "with the view of freeing her from the yoke of England." The *Irish Catholic* is greatly shocked and scandalized at this misrepresentation of what it claims to be Owen Roe's real sentiments, and says: "We cannot, therefore, allow THE CITIZEN to palm off uncondemned the silly legend that he was a 'Separatist' of the type which it seeks to make him out. Owen Roe was the faithful soldier of King Charles, and he would have given a short shrift and a long rope to the man whom he found tampering with the allegiance of his soldiers," *etcetera*. Now, the *Irish Catholic* well knows that Owen Roe O'Neill was the chosen representative, and general, of the Old Irish, or National, party, and that his sentiments toward Charles I were governed by expediency, not by a slavish loyalty. When it became necessary to ally him self with the Puritans, as at the period of the relief of Derry, Owen Roe and the younger Coote joined hands, and, like Baal Dearg O'Donnell, in the succeeding Williamite war, Owen, most probably, regarded both the English factions with contempt and distrust. THE CITIZEN does not believe that Owen Roe would have molested any man for declaring himself for a policy—that of separating Ireland from England—for which his immortal uncle, the victor of the Yellow Ford, fought so long and so bravely. The virus of "loyalty" to English monarchs had not eaten into the vitals of Owen Roe, as, unquestionably, it has into those of the *Irish Catholic*, which is quite as "loyal" as if it were edited by the Grand Master of the Irish Orangemen. For all we know to the contrary, that worthy may have temporarily allied himself to the editor of the *Irish Catholic*, even as Sir Charles Coote allied himself to Owen Roe O'Neill. "Loyalty," in Ireland, like politics in America, occasionally makes strange bed fellows.

The animus of the criticism of THE CITIZEN by the *Irish Catholic* is made evident by the concluding sentence of its comment, as follows: "Now, as in connection with the 'Story of the United Irishmen,' the ignorance displayed by THE CITIZEN is deplorable."

THE CITIZEN'S "ignorance" consisted in quoting, word for word, from the life of Theobald Wolfe Tone by his son, volume and page being given, the true account of Tone's compromise with the Irish government, in connection with the case of the Rev. William Jackson, in 1794-5. The writer in the *Irish Catholic*, inflamed by a spirit of fiendish hatred against the great Irish Separatist, unearthed the correspondence of the Beresfords, and raked up the archives of Dublin Castle for material wherewith to throw "loyal" Orange Cawtholic dirt on the memory of Wolfe Tone. No doubt the contributor to the *Irish Catholic* of the "Story of the United Irishmen" has the advantage over all other Irish, or Irish-American, writers of the free run of Dublin Castle, where, we suppose, he feels perfectly at home. Indeed, the English minister could, were he so disposed, afford to pay him a comfortable sum for the excellent work he is doing, or trying to do, for the English government in Ireland. When the *Irish Catholic* brazenly asserts, in its opening remarks, that it told "the simple, historical truth about Wolfe Tone," THE CITIZEN says that it lies in its throat. The *Irish Catholic* prefers Marcus Beresford—Ireland's bitter enemy—as a witness. We prefer the unsullied word of the man who fought and died for Ireland. The *Irish Catholic* is a carrion crow that croaks and vomits above the grave of the gallant dead.

ENGLAND, unlike France and the United States, treats her old soldiers very coldly and cruelly. When they are no longer of any use to her she dismisses them from her service on the "bloomin' good pay," as Kipling puts it, of a shilling, or a quarter of a dollar, a day, with which they must keep body and soul together. Hundreds of Crimean veterans are the inmates of poor-houses, where they are served only with dry bread and skilly. The Royal Patriotic Fund, started in 1856, was originally intended for the benefit of soldiers disabled in warfare, and of their relatives in case of death. No one knows how the money goes—now that it is under the control of the Duke of Cambridge. Neither the private soldier nor his bereaved mother or widow ever touches a cent of it! They take better care of their time-worn warriors in France. There they have a happy and comfortable home in the Palais des Invalides, where the ashes of Napoleon and MacMahon repose. Up to a few years ago there were still survivors of the Old Guard residing under that hospitable roof. The United States government has been lavish in its generosity to its old soldiers.

THE Baroness Burdett Coutts has presented to the new Memorial Hall of Chicago the model of the Baltimore Fishery School. The original of this minature was erected some years ago in that Irish burg by the late Rev. Charles Davis, its pastor.

ONE thousand Metabeles were mowed down last week by the murderous British machine guns. The British policy in connection with that unfortunate people is one of wholesale slaughter. John Bull palliates the brutal conduct of his cutthroat, red-coated hirelings, on the plea that everything is justifiable in the interests of British commerce! The South African company must have its own way in Mashonaland—even at the cost of an ocean of Matabelian blood. The English troops are fast degenerating into the worst of savages.

A GOOD Irish bull is put into the mouth of McSweeny of Donegal Castle, World's Fair, by *Kate Field's Washington*. Mac was so much disgusted with the rain on Irish Day that, after the deluge had ceased, he exclaimed, "If ever we have another Irish Day we'll celebrate it the day before, and fool the Clerk!"

THE correspondence column of the *Times* for once advocates a Home Rule policy. Mr. Hugh Prince Hughes, a true-blue Tory, contributes to that journal a letter in which he expresses a wish for a pacific solution of what he calls "this terrible Irish question." "I have reason," he says, "to believe that thoughtful Unionists realize the inevitability under existing circumstances of some kind of a legislature and administrative body in Dublin." Some Tories are not quite as bad as they are painted. THE CITIZEN prefers them to Radical frauds like Asquith, the head warder of the Irish political prisoners in English dungeons.

LADY CHARLES BERESFORD states in an article published from her pen that London society of the most exclusive kind consists only of thirty or forty families. Yet the pseudo-American Astors have forced the doors of this select coterie. Every lock is barred with gold, and opens but to golden keys. The Knickerbocker of New York is not treated by his "set" with much respect unless the branches of his ancient family tree are weighed down with the almighty dollars.

CONQUEST by syndicate is Britannia's ghoulish motto. When that power heard of the wonderful richness of Mashoualand, an English trading company was at once started, ostensibly for mining operations in that country, but really to massacre its inhabitants, and capture their gold. *Vivent les Metabeles!*

POLITICS does not properly belong to the judiciary, but the *Evening Post* points out the "curious exactness" of the fact that "in the Circuit court there are seven Democrats—Tuley, Clifford, Baker, Adams, McConnell, Windes and Dunne—and seven Republicans—Horton, Tuthill, Burke, Waterman, Haney, Gibbons and Smith. The Superior court stands six and six—Brentano, Gary, Sears, Blanke, Chetlain and Freeman, Republican, and Shepard, Payne, Hutchinson, Stein, Goggin and Ewing, Democratic. County Judge Scales (Dem.) is offset by Probate Judge Kohlsaat (Rep.)" Probably, if the thing can be managed, the surest way to please the blind goddess would be to have all Democratic offenders tried by the Republican judges, and all Republican transgressors by the Democrats.

MR. W. R. LE FANU is soon to publish a volume entitled "Irish Life and Character." Mr. LeFanu is a grand-nephew of the illustrious Brinsley Sheridan, and brother of the late Mr. J. Sheridan Le Fanu, a novelist of distinction in his day, and the author of that ringing Irish ballad "Shamus O'Brien."

ONE of Marshal MacMahon's colleagues in the Crimea, Lieutenant-General MacMahon, says, in an interview, that no doubt exists in France as to the time and place when the illustrious soldier made use of his famous phrase: "*J'y suis; j'y reste!*" "I was present in the Crimea, and witnessed the final attack on the dreaded Malakoff which MacMahon led in person. He was then a general. When he had expelled the Russians from the fort, he was instructed by his chief to withdraw his men from the Malakoff, as it was believed to be mined. It was at this critical juncture he used the words just given. This literally terminated the siege and campaign."

THE Irish Constabulary costs per head of every man, woman, and child in Ireover two dollars a year. In Scotland the police expenses amount only to half a dollar per head. No wonder the Irish peeler can afford himself the luxury of greasing his silken locks with rich perfumes, and, like a Queen's Own O'Driscoll, parting his hair in the middle.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

DREAMS OF IRELAND.

Oh, I'm dreaming of the mountains,
In a fair isle o'er the sea;
I am dreaming of the fountains
Ever springing sparklingly:
Of the dark empurpled hills,
And the dancing, glancing rills,
Where the lordly Shannon flows,
And the hawthorn blossom blows,
In that island, ever green, o'er the sea.

Oh, I'm dreaming of the shadows,
That fall soft at eventide,
When the dew is on the meadows,
And the swallows swiftly glide;
And the lads and lasses meet,
With gladsome, lightsome feet,
As the piper drones his tune,
'Neath the glory of the moon,
In that island, ever green, o'er the sea.

Does the brooklet sweep along yet,
On its swift course to the sea,
With the old familiar songlet
That, in youth, it sang to me?
As I dreamt of love and glory,
'Neath the ruin old and hoary,
Where the white owl had her nest,
And the crows flew home to rest,
In that isle, ever green, beyond the sea.

In the vales of Tipperary
Do they still remember me?
Where is young and gentle Mary
That I woo'd across the sea?
Have her flow'rs of beauty flown?
Have her locks to silver grown?
Oh, I vow'd I'd ne'er forget her,
But Time wore out love's fetter,
While I roam'd in distant lands o'er the sea!

There are eyes, not o'er the ocean,
That have woven spells for me;
Tho' my soul's first fond emotion
Was, sweet Mary! wak'd by thee—
As we roamed where lilies quiver,
By the flowing, shining river,
And the sunset shadows found us,
With webs of love wove 'round us,
In that vale of the green isle o'er the sea.

A toast, dear native island,
To thy hills and fields so green;
May tall cliff and heather'd highland
Ever guard thy vales serene!
May the God of freedom bless thee,
While the ocean waves caress thee;
And the flag of freedom o'er thee
Yet call nations to adore thee,
Thou still unconquer'd "Poland of the sea!" F.

LITERARY.

The Century Magazine.

Bonaparte today, in conversing again on his meditated invasions, speaking of Ireland, said he had arranged everything with that country; and if he could have got safely over to it the force he intended sending, the party there was so strong in his favor that he had every reason to suppose they would have succeeded in possessing themselves of the whole island. He said he had kept up constant communication with the disaffected party, which he averred was by no means confined to the Roman Catholics, but had also a very large proportion of Protestants. He said he invariably acquiesced in everything they wished for, leaving all arrangements respecting the country, religion, etc., entirely to themselves, his grand and only object being to gain the advantageous point for him of separating Ireland from England. He said those who came to him from Ireland generally came and returned through London, by which means he obtained from them information respecting both countries; and they crossed the Channel backward and forward with little risk or difficulty by means of his friends the smugglers. But he added that nothwithstanding the great advantages he thus derived from these smugglers, he found out at last they played a similar game backward and forward, and carried as much intelligence to England as they brought to him from it, and he was therefore obliged to forbid their being any longer admitted to Dunkirk, or indeed anywhere but at Gravelines, where he established particular regulatious respecting them, and did not allow them to pass a barrier which he caused to be fixed for the purpose, and where he placed a guard to watch them, and to prevent their having unnecessary communication with the country.—*From the dairy of his voyage to St. Helena, in The Century for November.*

St. Nicholas.

The Russian Empress, who also was very fond of dwarfs, took a great fancy to Bebe when she saw him at Luneville, and at the end of a visit she was paying to Stanislaus, she attempted to carry off our little hero without saying "by your leave" to either him or the King. Just before quitting the palace one of her maids of honor snatched up the dwarf and attempted to stuff him into a pocket of her sable coat; but Bebe, who was highly indignant at such treatment, called out at the top of his tiny lungs, "Sweetheart! Sweetheart!" till at last the wee voice was heard, and he was rescued more dead than alive.

Soon after this, Stanislaus started off on a trip to Versailles to the Queen, his daughter, taking his little friend with him. Everywhere they went Bebe attracted a great deal of attention, and everywhere the ladies smothered him with ki-ses and bonbons.

One day a celebrated beauty belonging to King Louis' court snatched him up and tried to place him on her knee, but Bebe, whose memory seems to have increased faster than his inches, called out, "Sweetheart! Sweetheart! here's another beautiful lady trying to put me in her pocket." And King Louis, who had heard the story of the Russian Empress, was so much amused and so well pleased with the dwarf that he ordered a beautiful little house to be constructed for him.

The small building was made complete in every particular, and it was placed on wheels, so that it could be moved from place to place. The rooms were all finished in white and gilt, with parquette floors, just like those in the big palace at Versailles, and they were fitted with furniture duly suited to Bebe's size. In this tiny mansion he had a little greyhound about as big as a squirrel, and a pair of turtle-doves the size of canary-birds.—*November St. Nicholas.*

CREEDS IN IRELAND.

About Four-fifths of Its Population Are Catholics.

Much has been written and said about the large anti-Catholic population in Ireland, and in that way some false and erroneous impressions have been given of the relative strength of the several Christian denominations. To set the matter before our readers in its true aspect we present the following figure taken from the last official census:

	Protestants.	Catholics.
Cork	44,135	448,650
Kerry	6,531	193,917
Waterford	5,633	107,730
Limerick	8,820	168,379
Clare	2,861	138,349
Tipperary	11,143	187,751
Kilkenny	5,365	93,699
Wexford	10,877	112,710
Carlow	5,329	41,169
Wicklow	15,104	56,571
Queen's	8,408	63,933
Kildare	5,912	69,184
King's	7,683	64,984
Galway	7,740	234,183
Westmeath	5,561	60,951
Dublin	97,362	320,458
Meath	6,215	80,686
Longford	5,482	55,508
Roscommon	4,478	127,177
Mayo	6,813	236,267
Sligo	9,817	101,148
Cavan	6,452	104,328
Louth	5,452	71,776
Leitrim	8,641	81,064
Monaghan	26,857	75,629
Fermanagh	37,385	47,238
Armagh	86,385	75,437
Donegal	38,209	157,224
Down	169,246	80,693
Tyrone	117,665	109,564
Londonderry	90,717	73,095
Antrim	314,519	108,605
	1,188,696	3,949,738

The proportions of the different bodies are as follows:

	Per cent.
Roman Catholics	76.6
Church of Ireland	12.3
Presbyterians	9.4
Methodists	0.9
Other sects	0.9

—*Hibernian Record.*

IN MEMORY OF CARTER HARRISON.

[To the Editor.]

AKRON, O., Nov. 1.—I was perfectly horrified on reading the press reports of the brutal murder of Mayor Harrison. I had known him for over forty years, and, while as you know, I opposed him vigorously every time he sought an election to any position, while I was a resident of Chicago, I never entertained a particle of personal ill feeling against him. He was a bold political opponent, who in victory or defeat met friends and foes with a smiling face and an open hand. I did not think he had one enemy in the world. No man of our time possessed more of the brave, fearless, aggressive spirit which has made Chicago what she is today. He saw her a raw, squalid western town, almost hidden in the malarial swamps of Lake Michigan, and he lived to see her the most envied city in America, building an aggregation of architectural masterpieces, lovely as a poet's dream, but, alas! just as fleeting. He was the incarnation of "I Will;" and it must be conceded that he usually did what he willed. What a curse these bloodthirsty cranks have been to the republic. Two of our best beloved presidents have fallen beneath their fiendish hands, and now another eminent citizen has been done to death in the same hellish manner. I do not know what law could be passed to meet a case like this, but I have long been of the opinion that any attempt to compass the death of the president should be declared treason and should be punishable by death. A few days after the inauguration of President Cleveland a rumor reached Santa Fe, N. M., that he had been shot. No one believed it; but the first news of the deaths of the almost worshipped Lincoln or the well beloved Garfield was not believed, and as men with blanched faces looked at each other, they felt that it might be true. Thank God it was not in the case of Cleveland. Too little attention is paid to that most undesirable product of modern times, the hair-brained crank; and it is only when some valuable life is prematurely ended that we wake up to the danger which threatens any man in public life who has stirred up the slumbering fiend of murder. My heart goes out in sympathy with the dead mayor's sadly bereaved family. May God in his mercy console them in their bitter affliction.

A. L. MORRISON.

Football Match Arranged For.

A committee from the Wanderers' Club of the Scotch Athletic Association, consisting of Messrs. Inglass and Davis, met a committee from the Gaelic Athletic Association on Wednesday and arranged a match of football to be played at the Gaelic association's grounds, corner of Thirty-seventh street and Indiana avenue, on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 30, between the Scotch Athletic Association and Gaelic Athletic Association. Mr. P. D. Quinn, of the Finerty Club, was appointed referee. The game will be played under the Gaelic rules.

IT is not generally known that Mr. Howells' mother was of mixed Irish and German extraction. The Americanism of the author of "A Traveler From Altruria" is that of a cosmopolite. Mr. Howells is a citizen of the world.

Something Interetsing to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

AILEEN AROON.

BY JOHN MYERS O'HARA.

Aileen Aroon,
By the oath of Maeldune,
By the free-sounding strain that so dearly delighted,
By the unwasted stars of whose bright avatars
Our orbs are deprived when the night is cloud-blighted,
At the shrine of despair
All my feelings are plighted,
For I long for you there in old Ireland so fair,
Aileen Aroon.

Aileen Aroon,
As I strike up the tune
That rolled from the harp in Mononia's palace,
When it quivered with song through the light-hearted throng
And the smile bubbled over mirth's wit-jeweled chalice,
Like a butterfly thrust
From its golden chrysalis,
Your memory just breaks each rapturous gust,
Aileen Aroon.

Aileen Aroon,
For sweet liberty's boon,
To see Erin free and the green banner flying
Where the blood-mottled flag from Glengariff's dark crag
Pollutes the pure air with a brutal defying,
Quick we shaped our intent
For a stronger replying
Than the words vainly spent in the Red parliament,
Aileen Aroon.

Aileen Aroon,
On a night when the moon
Was eclipsed by a cloud-rack of sable depending
There hurried to meet in the dark village street
A thousand stern Gaels in decision unbending,
But a human snake brought
All our plans to an ending,
And some of us fought and the others were caught,
Aileen Aroon.

Aileen Aroon,
O, that evening in June
When you met me alone for the last farewell taking,
And my brain's burning throb and your piteous sob
Assured me that both of our hearts were near breaking,
I can never forget
In that solemn forsaking,—
Tis the master-chord set in the soul of regret,
Aileen Aroon.

Aileen Aroon,
Be it morn, be it noon,
Or when dusk is descending and day is departed,
Or when I elude in the deep solitude
Humanity's sorrows for joys there imparted,
Your voice in my ear
Like a lute-string is started,
And the love-welling tear to my lash will adhere,
Aileen Aroon.

Aileen Aroon,
In the summer's soft croon,
In the spring's airy step and the autumn's lamenting,
An echo of thee seems to travel to me,
And even when fortune is most unrelenting
The warm blood will steal
To my cheek undissenting,
When your letters reveal all your womanhood leal,
Aileen Aroon.

Aileen Aroon,
Come o'er the sea soon
To this wide-spreading land where I lonely am waiting,
Where men are as true as the clear sky is blue
And as firm-vowed to freedom as tyranny's hating,
Come over the sea
Ere the sin unabating
Compels you to flee from the green isle, machree,
Aileen Aroon

The Best Authorities.

Such as Dr. Dio Lewis, Prof. Gross and others, agree that catarrh is not a local but a constitutional disease. It therefore requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which permanently cures catarrh.

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A PUZZLE.

The serial's done, but, Great Cæsar,
I swear I've forgotten the plot!
What was it went wrong to displease her?
And did she believe him or not?

Now, what was the reason they parted?
Which was wrong? Who started the fight?
Was she the one so broken hearted?
And which of the rivals was right?

How did it all happen? Now, which one
Gained all of my sympathies first?
The poor man or else the old rich one?
And which of the two turned out worst?

That other girl in the beginning,
Who had such a basilisk eye,
The heiress who seemed to be winning—
Did she go abroad? I id she die?

That chapter I missed on vacation—
I reckon it introduced Fate,
Who, after a long explanation,
Proceeded to set matters straight.

Some girl married some man or other—
The epilogue makes that quite plain—
But which girl and which man—oh, bother,
Must I read that whole thing again?
—Godey's Magazine.

THE ISLE OF FEAR.

I was the only white man in Patuca, the chief town of the Honduras waikas.

Ever since my arrival at the Mosquito shore, the waikas had piqued my curiosity by wonderful tales of a mysterious island which stood in the midst of an inland lagoon and which, they said, was peopled by hideous demons who destroyed all who set foot on their terrible territory.

Years ago the Sukia had once ventured into the lagoon on a search for rare herbs and reptiles with which to work her spells and incantations.

As she neared the island huge monsters, having the shape of men and the eyes of devils, rushed to the water's edge, and, waving their long, hairy arms, uttered the most horrible yells, which so terrified the Sukia that she bent to her paddle and never ceased her frenzied strokes until the pitpan grated on the pebby beach of the village.

And, as though this were not in itself a potent enough sign of the island being consecrated to Lassa and his attendant evil spirits, a headstrong waika buckra, in a moment of bravado, had gone to Dankwarra to fight Lassa, and from that day to this had never been heard of.

Old Witatala, the chief of the waikas, swinging in his hammock within the semidarkness of his bamboo watta, told me all this and more.

"No, no, buckra," he repeated with a solemn shake of his gray, wooly head, "I tink me you s'pose old Witatala crazy; he no take you to Dankwarra, or he no tell you where Dankwarra is. Make me hunt de manatee instead. Dat plenty fun, an bimeby you forget Dankwarra."

Witatala was obdurate, and I was obliged to content myself with the prospect of a hunt after the manatee, or sea cow, that remarkable connecting link between quadrupeds and fishes, which is to tropical waters what the seal is to those of the frozen zone.

At "first sun up" we made our start—Witatala, Quila, his son, myself and a crew of four paddlers.

Eight long hours we paddled up stream until the river took a strange and unfamiliar aspect.

Then, steering for the bush covered bank, the crew with their sharp machetes lopped off a number of leafy branches, which were thrown lightly over the pitpan, until it resembled a floating tree.

Casting loose from the bank, we floated down the river with the current. One man stood in the stern to steer. Witatala crouched in the bow with harpoon and line, while the rest, keeping their long, keen lances clear of impediments, knelt on the bottom.

After an hour of drifting I was beginning to think that perhaps the manatee had found the tender shoots of river grass unpalatable to his taste, when suddenly Witatala launched his harpoon and at the same instant gave an ear splitting yell of triumph.

The yell was followed by a heavy plunge, and the pitpan started forward with a sudden jerk, which cost me a hard tumble into the bottom of the canoe.

Before I had recovered myself the boughs were all thrown overboard, and the waikas stood with their long lances poised for instant use.

The pitpan tore along at incredible speed, and small wonder, for at the other end of the rope fastened to the boat was an enormous creature, whose black body could be seen sliding beneath the water's surface like a long black cloud.

When the manatee rose for air, the remaining harpoons flashed into its black hippopotamuslike side.

The only effect the spears seemed to have on the maddened creature was to spur it on to fresh exertions, for, darting from one side of the river to the other, he whipped and jerked the frail craft after him as though it had been a switch of willow.

"The machetes!" cried Witatala.

Catching hold of the taut line which held us to the sea cow, he gradually drew the pitpan nearer to it.

The men stood with their swordlike machetes poised, waiting for a chance to hurl them, and when the manatee once more arose for air down flashed the machetes.

Some of them struck and stuck, but so thick was the monster's hide that a couple turned their points and glanced off into the river.

Still the manatee kept on in its mad zigzag flight, until suddenly it swerved and made for a thick clump of bushes overhanging the bank. At this new maneuver Witatala uttered a terrified shriek of dismay.

"Dankwarra! Dankwarra!" he screamed. "See, the manatee makes for the entrance to the lagoon of Dankwarra!"

The other waikas sprang to their feet and made an attempt to cast loose the ropes at the bow, but the tension rendered it impossible.

In vain they fumbled for their machetes and knives; every bladed instrument had already been hurled at the manatee.

By this time the monster had rushed us into the bush hidden mouth of a narrow creek, whose density of overhanging foliage seemed to turn day into night.

The dismayed waikas cast anxious glances at the pitchy waters, through which the canoe was plunging, as if to throw themselves in, but the sullen splashes at either bank showed where uneasy crocodiles had left their muddy lairs and decided them to risk the uncertain peril that lay ahead rather than the probable death that was close at hand.

A few seconds more and we emerged from the narrow passage into the spacious lagoon, whose calm surface was unbroken save by a large island which stood in its center.

Straight for this island tore the frantic manatee, while with every foot of lessened distance between us and the land the waikas' eyes seemed to bulge out bigger with terror.

When within about 60 yards of the island, a grating, tearing sound came from the pitpan's bow, and with a sudden wrench and crash the canoe turned over, a total wreck from a sharp, jagged rock the manatee in its wild flight had thrown us against.

Fortunately the shock was so great as to fling us clear of the hidden rock, and rising from beneath the water we struck out for the island, our speed not a little accelerated by the fear of sharks and crocodiles.

Reaching the sandy shore of the island, we crawled upon the beach, but farther than this the waikas, with chattering teeth, declared they would not go.

But it did not seem so terrible to me, this "Dankwarra, the Isle of Fear," for it was not unlike a hundred lagoon islands I had seen—a heavy tangle of tropical over and under growth, encircled by a shining strip of beach. Of its inhabitants, demons or otherwise, not a trace was to be seen.

In response to an exclamation from Witatala, I looked toward the lagoon, and there, on its surface, near the beach, I saw floating the dead body of the manatee, which, in its moment of victory, had succumbed to death.

The waikas waded out into the water, splashing as they went to frighten away the sharks and crocodiles, laid hold of the ropes attached to the harpoons and drew the sea cow up on the beach.

It was certainly a most remarkable animal, if animal it may be called. It weighed, I should say, between 1,600 and 1,800 pounds.

It had two forefeet, or flippers, but instead of hind feet there was a broad, flat tail which spread out horizontally like a fan. The skin was dark and corrugated, and the few scattered hairs upon it gave its body a general resemblance to that of a hippopotamus.

Witatala surveyed the dead creature with anger, but philosophically resolved to make it pay in part for our misfortune by serving as supper.

With the aid of a couple of dry sticks a fire was kindled, and the manatee was prepared for eating.

I did not wonder at the machetes' failure to penetrate its hide, for as the flesh was cut in strips for broiling I measured the skin and found it an inch and a half in thickness and as tough as whalebone.

The manatee steaks proved to be tender, well flavored, altogether delicious and far surpassed venison, to my palate.

After supper I determined to do a little exploring on my own account, in spite of the warnings of Witatala and his men.

An eighth of a mile down the beach I came upon an old cannon half buried in the sand. Scraping away the loose soil, it proved to be, in spite of its heavy crust of mold and rust, an ancient Spanish cannon closely resembling those the books picture to us as having been used by the daring Spanish freebooters in the days of Drake and Kidd.

Farther along I came upon other relics—an old flintlock, a dagger, several pistols and a piece of broken chain, all scattered about as though they had been left in some hasty flight.

As I walked back to the waikas I recalled the tales of the famous "Blackbeard," who made his name a terror along the Spanish main, and it seemed probable to me that the now deserted Dankwarra had been in those days a secret stronghold of "Blackbeard" and his piratical band.

Old Witatala evinced but little interest in the story of my discovery, his mind being chiefly exercised over our getting away from Dankwarra with all possible celerity.

This he determined to accomplish by means of a raft, which he intended to construct from the clumps of bamboo growing near the island's forest.

Night had descended with its tropical suddenness, but this did not deter Witatala from his preparations for making the raft.

Despatching Quila and a couple of waikas for tietie vine with which to bind the bamboo together, the rest of us secured the machetes from the unlucky manatee's hide and started for the bamboo clumps.

The waikas would not carry torches, for that they said would show our whereabouts to the wicked Lassa, but that we might not want for light they caught handfuls of fireflies, pulled off their wings and scattered them among the bamboo trees, where they gave radiance enough for us to perceive clearly the surrounding objects.

At the first stroke of the machetes on the bamboo the hitherto silent island seemed to break out into a pandemonium. I dropped my machete in dismay, but Witatala calmed my nerves by telling me that the sounds were made by the suddenly awakened animal and bird life of the island. But what a diabolical uproar it was!

There were unearthly groans and angry snarls and shrieks. At times the noises were blended and became sullen and distant, then so sharp and near they seemed at our very feet.

All the water birds and wild fowls roosting in the trees gave a sudden flutter and set up a series of croaks and screams which sent an adjacent troop of howling monkeys into spasms of delight.

At intervals the heavy bodies of prowling animals would be heard crushing through the jungle, and at these noises old Witatala would look anxiously around, in momentary dread of having Lassa and his demons swoop down upon him.

But nothing of the kind happened, and we were able to retreat in safety with our load of bamboo logs to the beach, where the construction of the raft began with great rapidity.

The great red moon was beginning to grow dim in the approaching dawn, however, before the raft was completed.

We had thrown ourselves down upon the beach for a brief rest before launching our rude craft, when suddenly Witatala grasped my arm like the teeth of a vise, and in a hollow whisper bade me look toward the jungle. I did so, and for a minute every drop of blood seemed to stand still in my veins.

There, peering at us from the half parted bushes, was a huge white face, terrible in its hideous ferocity. Beneath its low, slanting forehead blazed fierce eyes; its nose was broad and flat, and from its great mouth two fangs protruded.

The waikas seemed rooted to the ground with terrified amazement.

Suddenly another frightful face appeared beside the first, then another and another.

The spell of silence was broken, and the waikas began simultaneously their rapid screech of incantation against Lassa and all the other evil spirits, at the same time backing toward the lagoon, shoving the raft as they went.

The four faces in the edge of the thicket grinned and frowned, their jaws rapidly opening and shutting.

As the raft slid into the water, the bushes parted, and the faces appeared in the open.

They were no longer simply "faces." They were huge, towering, hairy forms that stood erect, with arms waving high above their heads. And now they came menacingly toward us.

The waikas—and perhaps I, too—gave one cry, and throwing ourselves on the raft with a shove we sent it gliding away from the island.

At this the monsters waved their arms yet more frantically, and advancing to the water's edge gave utterance to a succession of yells.

Just then the sun burst from above the woodland and fully revealed to my astonished eyes the forms of our pursuers. They were not men, not demons, but monkeys—and yet not monkeys, but huge gorillas!

The island faded away, and the roars of the gorillas were lost in the distance. Back through the black creek we paddled out into the broad, swiftly flowing waters of the Rio de la Patuca.

I tried to explain the identity of the creatures to Witatala, but he would receive none of it.

"No, buckra," he replied with a shake of his poor old head. "No, buckra," he repeated, "old Witatala know monkey when he see him—he eat many monkey. He know him well. He never see monkey so big like dat—talk like dat. Dat big one was Lassa—de rest he family."

Of course there was nothing more to be said.

As to a colony of gorillas living on an island in a Central American lagoon, I can offer but one explanation: "Blackbeard," the pirate, may have brought young gorillas with him on some slaving voyage from Africa and abandoned them with the rest of his effects on this island.

The climatic conditions being the same as those of Africa, the gorillas would naturally have thrived and brought up their flourishing progeny.

Whether or not in time they will escape to the mainland remains to be seen.

If they do not leave the island, there is little chance of their being heard of again, for the entrance to the lagoon creek is next to invisible, and after our experience neither gold nor rum would induce a waika to act as guide to Dankwarra, the isle of Fear!—Montreal Star.

Leprosy and Periwinkles.

"Airenedj" writes as follows to the Indian papers: "Permit me to invite attention to the fact that the districts of Bibhum, Burdwan, Bancoorah, etc., four or five of the districts of Bengal in which leprosy prevails to the greatest extent (vide statistics of the leprosy commission), are notorious for the quantities of periwinkles consumed in them by the inhabitants. In no part of India are there such dirty and filthy pools of water in which periwinkles (Bengalee, googlee) exist as in these districts, and the women fish them up by the hundredweight and eat them by the ton each year. Can it be that these shellfish contain the leper bacillus or microbe or germ, or other abomination that induces the system to hatch the disease, so to put it?"—St. James Gazette.

Money Comparisons.

A contemporary has figured out that the American double eagle of $20 is equal to 20 patakas of Abyssinia, 30 kwans of Annam, 24 piasters of Arabia, 20 pesos of Argentine, about 44 florins of Austria, about 103 francs of France, 36 milreis of Brazil, 2 condors of Chili, 36 rigsdalers of Denmark, 400 piasters of Egypt, £4 of Great Britain, 103 drachmas of Greece, 84 marks of Germany, 45 rupees of India, 103 lire of Italy, 20 yens of Japan, 50 scudi of Malta, 103 lei of Roumania, 50 guilders of the Netherlands, 27 rubles of Russia, 8 tomans of Persia, 251 piasters of Servia, 32 ticals of Siam, 103 pesetas of Spain, 200 gwush of Tripoli, 7 tillas of Turkistan, 21 patacons of Uruguay and 25 pesos of Venezuela.

HANK GOOD'S NERVE.

A CHOCTAW WHO GAVE HIS LIFE WITHOUT A SIGN OF FEAR.

The Red Man's Desire For Whisky Caused Him to Commit a Double Murder—Condemned to Die, but Released on His Own Recognizance, Which Was Bail Enough.

Captain Frank Williams of the Texas Rangers gives an excellent account of the remarkable execution of Hank Good, a thoroughbred Choctaw Indian, which occurred in the Choctaw reservation.

"I never dreamed I was going to see one of the bravest acts I ever witnessed in my life when I went to see Hank Good shot," Captain Williams said. "I was in the reservation when Hank committed the murder for which he gave up his life, and I had a great curiosity to see how he would act when the time came for him to pay the penalty.

"The murder Hank committed occurred Feb. 9, 1893. Two whisky peddlers, named Isaac Greenbaum and Solomon Heppenstein, were the victims. They had been in the habit of stealing into the reservation about once a month and selling whisky to the Indians. On this particular night they entered the territory with two small casks of whisky. Hank saw them when he came in, and he then and there determined to get his fill of fire water that night or know the reason why. He watched them and followed them to a lonely place, where they secured their whisky, wrapped their blankets around them and went to sleep. When they were slumbering soundly, he stole upon them, and it could not have taken him long to relieve them of their scalps. He found the whisky, drank to his heart's content and enjoyed the warmth of the fire the peddlers had built. Hank made no attempt to escape or conceal his crime, but remained there and drank until he was stupid. About 10 o'clock the next morning as I was passing along the road with a squad of the White Horse we came upon the horrible sight. Hank was lying across the dead bodies of his victims, and one of the whisky casks was clasped in his arms. We tried to arouse him, but could not and had to carry him to the headquarters of the reservation. They locked Hank up, and it was three days before he was sober enough to be arraigned before the Indian judge and jury.

"On the third day after the murder Hank was brought up for trial. Hank made no defense. He did not seem to feel sorry, either, for having committed the crime. It was the first time in his life that he had had enough whisky. The jury soon decided that Hank was guilty and should be shot. It took into consideration the fact that Hank was the most popular and best looking young buck in the nation and recommended him to the mercy of the judge. The judge finally sentenced him to be shot to death at noon, Sept. 25. Hank took an oath to appear at that hour under a big oak tree and pay the penalty. They then allowed him to depart."

"Were they afraid he would never return?"

"Not in the least. A full blooded Choctaw was never known to break his oath.

"Well," Captain Williams continued, "Hank did not leave the nation, but three days afterward he got married and commenced to work as hard to get land and horses as a man who expected to live 50 years. In a few months he was one of the most prosperous young men in the tribe and lived apparently happy.

"The months slowly passed, and as the time drew near for Hank to be shot the Indians commenced to get excited. They were all anxious to see how he would act. Hank never referred to the matter and kept on working up to the day before the one which was to be his last on earth.

"The fatal morning at last arrived. It was a holiday on the reservation, and long before noon all the members of the nation were in the vicinity of the big oak tree, dressed in all the finery they could command. Hank was on the scene early, arrayed in his best, and an hour before his execution he danced with all the squaws. He never glanced at the pine coffin on which he was to kneel and be killed.

"Exactly at noon he left his family, and with head erect and a smile upon his face he walked to the coffin and knelt upon the lid. The sheriff had not yet arrived, but Hank was there and waiting. The sheriff finally came, and walking over to Hank he started to bind a white cloth around Hank's eyes, Hank tore it off and motioned the Sheriff back. You should ha seen the Indians look at him. Eve one admired his nerve.

"The sheriff stepped back several feet, drew his revolver and took deliberate aim. Hank smiled and glanced down the glistening barrel without moving a muscle. In another second the sheriff fired, and a ball crashed into Hank's brain, directly between the eyes. He quivered a second and fell over dead into the coffin."

"What became of Hank's wife?"

"Oh, she married a good looking young buck the next day."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Could Be Fitted.

Scene—Fancy hosiery shop; facetious youth purchasing bow for his sweetheart. Facetious youth (to shopgirl)—I suppose you have all kinds of ties here, miss?

Shopgirl—Yes, I believe we have, sir. What kind would you like to see?

Facetious Youth (winking at his sweetheart)—Could you supply me with a pig's-ty?

Shopgirl—With pleasure, sir; just hold down your head and I'll take your measure.—London Tit-Bits.

BEEF EXTRACT FOR A PATIENT.

Just Because It Was Not Made Correctly There Was Trouble.

"My most remarkable professional experience?" repeated the physician thoughtfully, knocking the ashes off the end of his cigar. "That is a hard question to answer offhand, but I can tell you of an extremely odd occurrence in connection with my practice recently.

"It was a case of pneumonia. A young lad was sick with the complaint, out in Tenallytown. The father, a poor man and a carpenter by trade, was an old acquaintance of mine, having done odd jobs for me occasionally. He insisted on employing my services, though I recommended a practitioner nearer at hand, because I could not possibly get out there to visit the patient more than once a day.

"The disease had already reached a critical stage when I was first summoned. After writing a couple of prescriptions and giving directions as to other matters, I called the father and requested his attention to certain instructions respecting food. Said I to him:

"'Take this quart whisky bottle and put into it one pound of finely chopped lean beef, cork it tightly, place it in a pot of water and let it boil four hours. That will make the strongest kind of extract—a highly concentrated form of nourishment. Give to the boy one tablespoonful of it every hour.'

"I went away satisfied that everything was provided for. The next day I returned to find my patient in a state of collapse. In haste I called for brandy and milk and managed to revive him. For the life of me, I could not account for the situation of affairs. I summoned the father, who was nearly distracted with anxiety, and questioned him.

"'Have you given him the beef extract I ordered?' I asked.

"'Oh, yes, sir,' he replied.

"'Every hour?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'You put a pound of chopped raw beef into the bottle and boiled it?'

"'Yes, sir. Corked it up and boiled it four hours in a pot of water. He's had a tablespoonful of the stuff every hour since you were here last.'

"'It beats me,' I said. 'Why, I could have supposed that the boy was exanimate from sheer inanition. Bring me some of the beef extract and let me see it.'

"Presently half a tumblerful of the preparation was brought and submitted to me for examination. I could hardly believe my senses. It looked like water; it tasted like water; it was water and nothing else.

"'What does this mean?' I demanded angrily.

"'That's the stuff you ordered, sir,' replied the father confidently. 'I made it myself, according to your own directions—boiled the bottle of beef just as you said. But I must confess that I thought it was a pretty weak kind of broth for a sick boy.'

"I stared at him for a minute or two in wonder. Then a light began to dawn on me. I gasped and said:

"'Bring me the bottle!'

"He did so. Its contents evidently had not been disturbed. I poured from it a tablespoonful of thick and nourishing fluid and administered it to the patient.

"The father looked on as if awestruck.

"'Why,' said he, 'you never told me that! You said to cork up the bottle, but you did not tell me to uncork it. So I thought that you meant I should give him the water it was boiled in!'

"So that was what my patient had been fed on for 24 hours—boiled water and nothing more. No wonder that I found him in a state of collapse. He recovered, but it was a narrow squeeze, I assure you."—Washington Star.

Craasbeck's Muse.

A somewhat eccentric individual was the Flemish painter Craasbeck, of whom it is told that once, fearing that his wife had ceased to love him and anxious to discover if his fears were founded on fact, he resolved upon an extraordinary test. He tore his blouse from his chest and painted just above his heart a very vivid representation of a wound. He then painted his lips and cheeks so that they presented a ghastly aspect, covered his palette knife and his garments with spots of red paint, gave a shriek and fell to the floor as if dead.

The test was successful. Mme. Craasbeck, hearing the shriek, rushed into the room and supposing that her husband had been killed or had killed himself gave way to what was to the supposed victim on the floor a series of very gratifying outbursts of grief. What the lady said when her lord and master sat up and informed her that he was only shamming, history does not record, but if she failed to go from one extreme to the other and give him a round scolding she certainly missed a great opportunity and showed herself a woman of marvelous self control.—Harper's Young People.

Gone to Her Mother's.

"Dear Lord," said an Atchison man the other morning at grace, "I would ask thy blessing on this food, but I realize it is cooked too miserably for thee to waste thy valuable time in blessing, so instead I urge it upon thee that thou instill into my wife's heart that it is better to cook steak acceptably for one man than to raise $10 by working two weeks for a church social." The indignant woman has gone to her mother's.—Atchison Globe.

Slow and Sure.

The engineer clamps down the brakes and slows up the train when the axles begin to whirl in hot boxes. Life is worth more than the time schedule. It is better to get there behind time than to take the chances of ditching the train. Living too fast is slow business. "Slow but sure" is a good motto.—Ram's Horn.

COULD NOT SEE AHEAD.

FRIGHTFUL WRECK ON THE ROCK ISLAND AT CHICAGO.

The Fast Express Crashes into the Rear of a Suburban Train Loaded with Passengers and a Long List of Dead and Injured Is the Result.

CHICAGO, Nov. 10.—A fast express train on the Rock Island road crashed into the rear of a suburban train of the same road at Seventy-first street. As a result seven persons were killed, four instantly. Thirty-nine other suffered severe scalds, burns, broken limbs, and bruises, and some of these unfortunates will die. The engine of the express train was driven into the rear coach of the suburban clear up to the tender. The floor of the coach was torn from the trucks and completely smashed, the sides pushed up, the roof carried on top of the engine, and the rear trucks thrown out about the middle of the coach. The rear coach was telescope into the next one a distance of ten feet and the end of the coach in front was smashed in. When the engine was forced into the rear coach of the suburban the smokestack was broken off and a cylinder was smashed. Thick clouds of soft coal smoke filled the coach and choked the writhing victims pinned between iron and wood.

Went Mad with Pain.

Steam rushed from the cylinder and literally cooked the unfortunates caught by the telescoped engine. All the dead were taken from this car, their flesh blistered and bodies mangled. Blinded by smoke and scalded by steam, those to whom relief in death came with the first shock shrieked in agony and went mad with pain. Fractures, cuts and bruises fell to the lot of those in the second coach. Somebody's carelessness and the fog are the only explanations given of the cause of the wreck.

There was not much at the little depot of Eggleston to show that such a terrible accident had happened there. A few men were employed straightening the track, but as none of the cars left the rails, their work was easy. The following is a list of the dead: Mrs. Aubury, Blue Island, aged 40; Carrie Barnes, Washington Heights; D. M. Bowman, Auburn Park; Edward J. Grody, home at Quincy, Ills., boarded at 2106 Kimball avenue; Malcolm Lapham, 12 years old, 7120 Harvard street; Myrtle Schaefer, 15 years, lived at Beverly Hills; Lottie Brigham, lived at 752 Rice street; D. W. Snow, Sr., a resident of the town of Longwood; unknown woman, about 50 years of age; unknown woman, about 20 years of age. All the injured are doing well and the doctors do not expect that any more will die.

IN MEMORY OF JUSTICE BLATCHFORD

Address Before the United States Supreme Court by Attorney General Olney.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 14.—The memory of the late Justice Blatchford was honored at the session of the United States supreme court. A set of resolutions, read by Attorney General Olney, was offered by the bar of the court and adopted. When the resolutions had been adopted Attorney General Olney made an address in which he spoke of Justice Blatchford's abilities as a man and a judge. The attorney general spoke of the loss sustained not only by the judiciary but by the entire community in the death of Judge Blatchford, and said he was the model of a competent, well trained, laborious and conscientous public servant.

"Judge Blatchford," he said, "rose to the highest of professional honors by unswervingly following the beaten path of the law and a regularly graduated ascent from a country lawyer to a circuit judge and thence to the supreme bench of the United States court."

RAILWAY WRECK IN OHIO.

Four Men Killed Because an Engineer's Watch Was Slow.

TOLEDO, O., Nov. 11.—Four were killed on the Columbus, Hocking Valley and Toledo railroad in a head-end collision. The names of the dead are: James E. Gresch, express messenger, Columbus, O.; Charles Jones, engineer, Columbus; Charles Jones, Jr., fireman, son of Engineer Jones; William Kerlin, engineer, Columbus. The injured are: J. H. Laskey, fireman freight train, badly bruised from jumping; Fred Rudor, baggagemaster, leg fractured and head hurt; Joseph Shannon, conductor passenger train, terribly cut about the head, but not fatally.

Fireman J. H. Laskey lays the blame on his engineer, Kerlin, whose watch was slow, he says. In an interview he stated that the engineer knew of the passenger train, but thought he had time to make the switch. When the headlight was discovered the trains were not 100 feet apart. The fireman jumped, as also did the head brakeman, and both escaped serious injury.

KENTUCKY TRAIN ROBBERS.

Five Masked Men Hold Up an Express on the Illinois Central.

CAIRO, Ills., Nov. 13.—The Illinois Central train No. 22 was stopped at Mayfield Bridge, Ky., about eight miles south of Cairo by five masked men, supposed to have boarded the train at Bardwell. As soon as the train stopped the robbers gained an entrance to the express car and secured $32 in cash and a valuable package, contents of which is not known. The robbers then left the train and made for the woods. The train was in charge of Conductor Charles Shearin and E. B. McNeal was the messenger, both of whom fired several shots at the robbers but without effect. No clew as yet.

Fate of the Steamer Fraser.

NORTH BAY, Ont., Nov. 9.—It turns out that probably twenty-one persons lost their lives by the burning of the steamer Fraser on Lake Nipissing, as she had twenty-eight on board and but seven were saved. It seems that the loss of life was caused by permitting her engines to run after the steering apparatus was burned out. The boat ploughed along in an erratic course and swamped the small boats that held the passengers.

Another Boat Sunk in Collision.

AMHERSTBURG, Ont., Nov. 13.—The big steamer C. B. Lockwood, bound down, and the schooner Elizabeth A. Nicholsson in tow of the steamer John Emery Owen, bound up, collided at the Lime Kiln crossing, and the Lockwood sank. The Lockwood was valued at $130,000.

"After the Ball" Harris Married.

CHICAGO, Nov. 14.—Mr. Charles K. Harris, who made a fortune from his song, "After the Ball," was married in this city. The young lady was Miss Cora Lehrberg, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Lehrberg of 2301 Indiana avenue.

DREAMING.

The cooling fingers of the twilight lay
A balm upon the fevered ebb of day,
And, languor lulled by dream winged spirits in their flight
Between the half uncertain hours of dark and light,
I dream of thee.

Trilled through the silvery sphere of fading day,
A late bird homeward wings its wearied way,
And, through the wide tranquillity of upper sea,
Attunes his vesper note of faroff minstrelsy
To songs of thee.

Far from the west the sentinel of light
Sets the dead altars of approaching night
Aflame, and paints the ambient skies with myrtle gold,
Whose liquid light reflects the happiness of old
Of me with thee.

The sky, the air, the sea, the earth, its flowers,
Lie steeped in magic of the moonlit showers,
And I? Far out beyond the waves, where sky meets sea,
From star to star across the night's tranquillity,
I come to thee.

The evening winds, distilled from fragrant flowers,
Pour out their incense on the dew wrapt hours,
And on the still, sweet harmony of sky and sea
I stray a little space into infinity
To dwell with thee.

Thus when the fingers of the twilight gray
Pour balm upon the ebbing tides of day,
I, languor lulled by dream winged spirits in their flight
Between the half uncertain hours of dark and light,
Can live with thee.

—Amy Seville Wolff.

Kilgore's Objections.

A single phrase has made Colonel Kilgore a national character. Very early in his congressional career he began to say, "I object." He has kept this up at every session of congress with serene consistency. A small man, a nervous man or a bad tempered man could never have made a success of such a policy. He would have been run over in some way. But Colonel Kilgore's "I object," uttered with dignity and with deliberation and backed by such an impressive personality, has won its way. It has stopped hundreds of little bills; it has sent many a disappointed member to the cloakroom fuming and swearing. And yet the big man, who is always good humored and who smiles on slight provocation, is a popular member of congress. There is everything in the way that "I object" is said. The tone can carry malice or anger or honest opposition. Colonel Kilgoro says "I object" with such utter disregard of personal considerations and with such unfailing regularity that he has disarmed the resentment which usually falls upon objectors.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Smelling Out Bank Bills.

If a bill must be sent in a letter, the safest plan is to roll it tightly into the shape of a lamplighter and lay it in the fold of the sheet inclosed. Arranged in that fashion, the fact that it is money cannot well be distinguished by the "feel." A thread, with a knot at the end, will not be so likely to fetch a telltale fragment of the fiber paper when drawn by means of a needle through the envelope, and the smell of it will be less perceptible. So peculiar is the effluvium belonging to bank or treasury notes that experts at the bureau of engraving say that they can distinguish them when sealed in envelopes by the nose every time. A thief once showed to government detectives who had caught him that he could pick out, while blindfolded, from a pile of 400 letters every one of seven which contained paper cash merely by scent.—Washington Star.

Tollemache's Consideration.

Of the late Lord Tollemache's consideration for others an amusing instance has been related by his brother. One day, at Peckforton, he came down earlier than was his wont and happened to look into the drawing room. He found the room "not done" and littered with brushes and dusters. Extremely displeased he rang the bell impetuously, and the inculpated housemaid was summoned, but when she appeared, instead of administering the intended rebuke, he apologized to her for coming into the room so early, and was so full of excuses for his untimely visit that she said at last, "Pray, don't mention it, my lord."—London Tit-Bits.

Malta Drinking Water.

"The best water I ever drank," writes a correspondent, "was at Malta, where it is collected on the flat roofs, which are most carefully cleaned preparatory to the heavy fall of rain which takes place when the weather breaks the first or second week in September. Every house has below it an immense tank, often of the same area as the house, and about 12 feet deep, and into this pours the beautiful fresh water, which comes up cool and sparkling when wanted."

Scared Enough to Dye.

"See here," said the man who had married a widow, "hasn't your hair turned gray rather suddenly since we were wed?"

"Oh," said she, "that's from fright. I was so scared when you proposed to me, don't you know!"—Indianapolis Journal.

The strongest animals in the world are those that live on a vegetable diet, say the vegetarians. The lion is ferocious rather than strong. The bull, horse, reindeer, elephant and antelope, all conspicuous for strength and endurance, choose a vegetable diet.

When you speak of bees, designate the kind referred to. There are 4,500 species popularly known as "wild bees," 3,200 being natives of the Americas. Britain has 70 species of bees and 16 of wasps. Of the latter there are 170 species known to entomologists.

In the Vatican library there is a treatise on dragons, a manuscript in a single roll 300 feet long and a foot wide, the material of which is said to be the "tanned gut of a great dragon."

A woman wearing stays as loosely as is possible for such articles to be worn exerts a pressure of 40 pounds on the organs which they compress. Such figures in cold print are startling.

DESCRIBE YOUR FRIEND.

And Then See How Well Your Picture Will Fit Scores of Others.

"He was a young man and fairly good looking; smooth face and without glasses; wore a dark suit; was about 5 feet in height and looked like a married man. Anybody would know him." Such was the description turned in by a young woman who slipped quietly into the city editor's office and wanted to advertise for Chalmers. It appeared that Chalmers had left home, and nobody knew why, and this young woman had faith that her recital of his personal traits would bring him back. It was a good example of the average person's power of description of a fellow being.

It is totally inadequate! Though man be fearfully and wonderfully made, there seems to be an unaccountable inability in nine persons out of every ten to give a creditable word picture of any one whom they have seen. Because we understand the looks of a person when we meet them, it never occurs to the mind that other people do not grasp a thorough idea of his appearance with a few passing phrases of description.

Your friend comes in, and you expound to him that such and such a man has just called for him, but almost invariably your exposition is a jumbled lot of phrases which apply to the human race in general.

The other day when I rushed into my office room with a column story on the end of my tongue—or at the tip of my pen, to be more accurate—I was given this greeting:

"Hello! A man has just been in to see you."

"What did he look like?"

"Oh, he was a good looking fellow—not very tall, rather heavy, but not too much so."

"Was he old or young?"

"About 20 or 25, I should say."

"What color of hair?"

"I don't remember now. However, I don't think he had a mustache."

"How dressed?"

"Oh, just an ordinary business suit."

Have you ever heard such a description? If not, watch yourself next time you tell of some one's call. You will be surprised to find that your description would fit almost any member of the human race.

Why is it?

I don't know. We read in books that it's because we don't cultivate the habit of intelligent observation.

There was once a boy who learned how to describe what he saw. Every morning he was sent by his father to walk rapidly by an elegantly arranged window, and then afterward to repeat to him all the things he saw at this one glance at the panorama and to describe them. At first the lad could remember but few things that his eye may have caught in the passing glance, but in time he could remember almost everything in a show window by merely seeing it once.—Boston Herald.

At the Manicure's.

The manicure with the golden hair was bending over the hand of a new customer.

"Do you want your hands bleached?" she asked.

"Yes."

She applied the bleach, using more than the ordinary quantity upon the thumb and forefinger of the right hand. After working for about five minutes she stopped and said:

"It is always difficult to remove nicotine with the first application."

"Wh-a-a-t?" gasped the society girl, elevating her eyebrows. "Nicotine? What do you mean?"

"The cigarettes, you know," replied the manicure. "It's perfectly awful how they stain the fingers, ain't it?" And she smiled a smile that even the society girl couldn't resist. That made them friends, and they fell to discussing the different brands of cigarettes. And when the job was done the society girl whispered:

"What'll take the stain off?"

"Use lemon juice—I do—we all do."

"Thanks."—New York Herald.

About Opals.

The prejudice against opals appears to be disappearing. Anyhow they are popular. There are several varieties of opals and therefore several degrees of merit. The precious, or noble, or oriental opal is the supreme. This has all the colors, and when these colors are broken into spangles it is then called the harlequin opal. Then comes the fire opal, or girasole, with hyacinth red and yellow reflection. The former comes from Hungary, the latter from Mexico. The common, or semiopals, are nonopalescent. The hydrophane, or oculus mundi, is nontransparent, but becomes so by immersion in water or any transparent fluid. The cachalong is nearly opaque and of a bluish white color. The hyalite is colorless, pellucid and white. The opal jasper or wood opal is the petrifaction of wood, opalescent, but without the coloring which makes the "noble" gem so precious.—Chicago Tribune.

Working For a Holiday.

An Englishman stopping at one of the hotels was commenting upon the extreme restlessness and incessant go of Americans. He said, "You Americans have such a beastly idea of the compensation of work."

"What do you mean?" questioned a Pittsburger standing near by.

"Oh, you people work for money," was the explanation.

"I don't see anything beastly about that," was the retort. "May I ask for what you Englishmen work?"

"Why, we work for our holiday," was the reply.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Vienna.

Vienna is of nearly circular form, being 12 miles in circumference. The old city, or city proper, is, however, scarcely three miles round. It was formerly inclosed by fortifications. Immediately outside of these was a wide esplanade called the Glacis, which has been elegantly built up and is called Ringstrasse, one of the most splendid streets in the world.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Arctic Iciness.

It is fearfully cold over the line of Alaska on the edge of the Rocky mountains. Last winter the thermometer was for a week at a time down to 60 degrees, and I have seen it go even considerably lower. At no time in the winter, nor during other winters that I have been there, was it higher than 40 degrees. This cold is excruciating. We lived in a solid log house, a good warm one, but many a time I have awakened in the night and found the blankets, which were kept up well under the nose, frozen into a cake of ice. Sometimes the intense cold cakes the blankets for a long distance down.

Meats and everything froze, and you would throw them anywhere without thinking. The worst experience was trying to make bread. The yeast would freeze in spite of you, oftentimes even when the greatest care was exercised. If you stepped out, everything was so still and so intensely cold you could hear yourself breathe. It had a rustling sound.

I discovered a queer thing about the cold, and it was this: Below 40 degrees you didn't notice it any more than 40 degrees. It might go to 60 degrees, or even more, but it made so little difference that you didn't notice it. It was all practically the same to you.—San Francisco Examiner.

A Colossal Rock Camel.

One of the most curious and interesting formations in rock in the world is to be seen a short distance east of the stage road between Tucson and Oracle, and stands on a knoll several feet above the surrounding sand hills.

When first seen, we are told, the effect is startling, and the mind has to get over the shock before the peculiar object can be comprehended. It is a most perfect representation of a camel and is formed of one piece of granite. This curiosity is of colossal size, but perfectly proportioned. It is about 60 feet high and is very white and smooth. There are very few fissures on the surface, and they, strangely, are in the proper places to form features. The only real projection from the surface is exactly placed for an eyebrow. The two humps are plainly to be seen, and the neck is curved beautifully.

Perhaps some of the first discoverers of the sphinx in modern times attributed its authorship to an upheaval of the earth's crust, but everybody in this age knows better. As mediæval man has been traced to Arizona and his methods and implements discovered there in profusion, why should we say that every curious formation bearing the image of some beast or other thing was not his work a thousand years or more ago?—Salt Lake News.

Got the Sparrows Tipsy.

The English sparrows have proved a nuisance in the cotton country, for as soon as the bolls open they pick out the cotton and carry it off, and some planters have lost, as they claim, hundreds of pounds in this way. There is one man, however, on the Mississippi that has not lost much. When he found the sparrows were committing depredations, he procured a quantity of wheat, soaked it in sweetened whisky and strewed it along the rows. The sparrows found it and thought they had a picnic.

So they had, but in 15 or 20 minutes there was the tipsiest lot of English sparrows ever seen on the face of this earth. They rolled about on the ground, falling on their sides and backs and kicking their heels into the air like a parcel of drunkards, all the while uttering the most comical squeaks. They did not have long to squeak, however, for the boys gathered them up and threw them into bags. The first day they gathered two bushels of drunken sparrows. Three or four days later the experiment was repeated with almost equal success, and from time to time since. They made excellent potpie, but the survivors have evidently come to regard the plantation as hoodooed, for now very few come about it.—St. Louis Exchange.

George I and the Stage.

George I was a lover of the stage, and, as his predecessors had done, caused his "servants" to play before him at court. In 1718 his majesty ordered the great hall of Hampton court to be converted for the time into a theater. There, under the direction of Steele, "whose political services had been poorly recompensed by granting him some theatrical privileges," seven performances were given. Among the plays were "Hamlet," "Sir Courtly Nice," "The Constant Couple," "Love For Money," "Volpone" and "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife." Among the players were Colley Cibber, Pinkethman, Johnson, Thurmond, Booth, Mills, Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Younger.

In former times the fee paid by the sovereign to his servants for a play acted at Whitehall had been £20. For these plays at Hampton court, King George, besides paying the actors their ordinary day's wage and traveling expenses, gave £350, and added £200 for the managers. The players were required to act at any time upon receiving a day's notice.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Victoria Abhors Tobacco.

Queen Victoria is perhaps the only European sovereign who has a positive aversion to tobacco in all its forms. Woe be to the prince who pollutes the apartments at Windsor with its fumes! Her ministers, too, must be careful. On more than one occasion telegrams have been returned to her foreign secretary with a note from her majesty's private secretary requesting that they be purified, and that in future they may not smell as villainously of tobacco smoke, for her majesty has her ancestress Elizabeth's aversion to "an evil smell."—Exchange.

White House Babies.

The five children besides Baby Esther Cleveland who were born in the White House were also girls. One of these girls, the grandchild of a president, is now employed in one of the departments in Washington, ending, as she began, her days under the government's roof tree.—Harper's Bazar.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

His Various Robes, His Chains and Mace and Swords of State.

The fountain of municipal honor in England undoubtedly springs from the Guildhall, London, which justly claims to be accounted the most ancient of our municipal halls, seeing that the lord mayors of the last eight centuries are, with justice, assumed to have had prototypes in the Roman prefect and the Saxon fortreye or portgrave.

For a considerable number of years the robes of the lord mayor, the court of aldermen and the common councilors have been settled with a precision that none save the most reckless of innovators would presume to disturb. The lord mayor himself has his "gold" robe for the occasion of the annual Guildhall banquet and for the times when he proceeds in state either to the new law courts or to the houses of parliament. The aldermen have their scarlet gowns, the sheriffs their distinctive and very handsome robes and chains, while the common councilors rejoice in gowns called "mazarines," it being generally understood that mazarine is a term for a particular dark blue color, although, according to some lexicographers, mazarine also means a drinking vessel and an old way of dressing fowls.

Then, again, when the sovereign comes into the city the lord mayor is bound to don a robe of crimson or purple velvet trimmed with ermine. At the time of this investiture he wears a massive gold chain, but when he is honored by reelection at the expiration of his term of office he wears two chains. The mace of silver gilt, surmounted by a royal crown and the imperial arms, is carried before the mayor by the authority of the charter of Edward III. While the city possesses no less than four swords, one called the "Pearl," presented by Queen Bess when she opened the first royal exchange, and so called from its being richly set with pearls. This sword precedes the chief magistrate on all occasions of rejoicing and festivity. The sword of state is carried before the lord mayor as an emblem of his sovereignty within the city proper. The "black" sword is used on fast days in Lent and at the death of any member of the royal family, while the fourth sword is that placed close to the lord mayor's chair at the central criminal court.—London Telegraph.

Philosophy of Lamination.

One of the most interesting contributions to practical science has been made by Professor Tyndall in respect to cleavage, or lamination, his researches proving that any material, no matter how plastic or how homogeneous it may be, has within it the condition or the development of cleavage, and that the only external condition necessary to produce lamination is a sufficient degree of pressure exerted in one direction upon the mass. The resulting planes of cleavage will be at right angles with the direction in which the pressure is applied. The philosophy of this effect, as explained, lies in the fact that, as relates to the cohesion of the particles, no substance is strictly homogeneous—that is, the particles, granules or molecules of substances do not possess cohesive power equally in all directions; consequently, when pressure is applied to them, they slide over each other—the sliding surfaces being those of least cohesive power—and move toward a point of less pressure. In the case wherein pressure is applied in one direction only, the sliding will be in a direction at right angles with the direction of the pressure, and thus plates, laminæ or strata, are generated in the mass, the limiting faces of these layers having less cohesion than their interior parts.

Misunderstood.

Tired and hungry, a traveler whom we may call Mr. Smith entered a village inn and ordered a roast chicken. He sat down by the fire and took great comfort in watching the fowl roasting on the spit and in thinking how fine the flavor would be. It was nearly done when a strange looking individual entered the kitchen. His costume was eccentric, but it was undoubtedly that of a great personage.

To the innkeeper he said with an impatient, and, as it seemed to hungry Mr. Smith, an insufferably haughty air, "Well, William, will that chicken be roasted soon?"

"Sir," said Mr. Smith sternly, "that chicken is mine! I ordered it before you."

"What is that to me?" cried the personage harshly.

"What is that to you?" cried Mr. Smith, faint with hunger and just indignation.

Then the intruder spoke again and more gently. He said: "You see, sir, I want the turnspit chain to complete my costume. I am going to represent the Black Prince in an entertainment at the town hall this evening."—Youth's Companion.

False Ideas of the Arabian Horse.

Colonel Dodge brushes away many cherished illusions concerning the Arabian horse in a magazine article on the subject. He asserts that, while the exceptional Arabian is a fine fellow, he does not think that the best Arabian—aside from a certain attractiveness—is nearly as good as the best hunter, the best trotter, the best racer or the best saddle horse of England or America. "And I am quite sure," adds this accomplished horseman, "that I would stake my money on 100 bronchos of the American plains against 100 Arabians of the Syrian desert on a pull of 100 or 200 miles under conditions fair to each." The average Arabian, he notes, is so small as to be useless for any but light performance.—Pittsburg Times.

The Tarantula.

The sting of the tarantula (a name derived from Taranto, a town in Italy), the most venomous of spiders, was popularly supposed to produce a disease called "tarantism," which could be cured only by music or dancing, and the dance which cured it was called "tarantella." You can see the peasants dance the tarantella now, but without waiting for spider bites.—St. Nicholas.

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St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 188 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 184 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 723 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

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St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 279 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauer, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

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Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5312 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 3723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 3309 Went Worth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2291 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3040 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey.

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AT 20 CENTS ON THE DOLLAR.

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We Will Sell 5,000 chairs from the Reserve Stock of the

WELLINGTON CATERING CO.

It will pay you to set aside what you are now using and lay in a supply of good Chairs at less than one-quarter of what it costs to manufacture them, This will be a good chance for Lodges or Clubs to furnish their halls.

Best Polished HARDWOOD CHAIRS, Embossed High Backs, with Mit Rests under seat, are worth $1.50 each, sale price 49 Cents.

Fancy, Strong, Well-Made HARDWOOD CHAIRS, Worth.....$1.25, Sale Price 39 Cents.

Good Well-Made KITCHEN CHAIRS —AT— 119 Cents.

BARGAINS IN GROCERIES.

Quarter cans Sardines in Oil, per can.....3½ cents
Half cans Sardines in Oil, per can.....6 cents
Half cans Sardines in Mustard, per can.....4 cents
Large cans Sardines in Mustard, per can.....7 cents
These Sardines and Lobsters took the highest award at the World's Fair and those we have are from the exhibit in the Fisheries Building.
Fancy Glass Pitchers filled with 3 lbs Pure Fruit Jelly—Pitchers, Jelly and all for.....10 cents
Black Walnuts—just as you used to pick them from the trees—per lb.. 2 cents
Bulk Italian Macaroni, per lb.....5 cents
Pint bottles Lea & P. Worcestershire Sauce, worth 45c.—Sale price..29 cents
5 lbs Bay Leaves for.....4 cents | Fresh XXX Ginger Snaps, lb. 5 cents
New Zante Currants, first arrivals from Greece, per lb.....3 cents
Imported German Lentils, lb...3 cents | New Turkish Prunes, per lb.. 6 cents
Imported Sink Brushes, each 3 cents, per doz.....33 cents
D. & M. London Blacking, per box, 1 cent; per doz, 12c; per gross..$1.44
Good Stout Pocket Knife, imported.....25 cents
2-hoop Water Pails, each.....5 cents | Let Go Plug Tobacco, per lb..18 cents
Navy, Sweet Tip-Top, Ploy Boy, and Yum Yum Smoking Tobacco, lb.29 cents
Key West Cigars, a good 5-center, per box of 50.....90 cents
20-lb boxes California Loose Muscatel Raisins.....99 cents
27-oz bottles Spanish Queen Olives.....19 cents
French Capers, regular price 25 cents, sale price.....9 cents
New York Evaporated Apples, per lb.....7 cents
California Dried Pears, per lb.....3 cents
Whole Cloves, Cinnamon, Allspice and Pepper, per lb.....9 cents
Epps' Cocoa, per tin.....18 cents | 1-lb package Best Corn Starch 4 cents

SUGAR.

20 lbs Granulated Sugar for.....$1.00 | 21 lbs very light Extra C Sugar for.$1.00

SIRUP.

2½ gallon pails Fine Table Sirup, pail, sirup and all for.....59c
Pure Gold, finest sugar sirup made..65c
Pure Vermont Maple Sirup, per gal.$1.00
Pure Vermont Maple Sirup, per ½-gal.50c
Pure Vermont Maple Sirup, pr quart.25c
Pure New York Buckwheat Flour, 6½ lbs for.....25c
Best Self-Rising Buckwheat, pr pkg.29c

SOAP.

33 bars German Family Soap for..$1.00
20 bars Fairbank's Best Family Soap for.....$1.00
25 bars Babbitt's Best Soap for....$1.00

COFFEE.

4 lbs After-Dinner Java Coffee for..$1.00
3 lbs Fancy Old Government Roasted Java for.....$1.00

TEA.

4 lbs Uncolored Japan Tea for.....$1.00
3 lbs Moyune Gunpowder Tea for...$1.00
2 lbs Very Fancy Formosa Oolong Tea for.....$1.00

Imported White Wood SALT KANAKENS, Metal bound, round or square 8 Cents Each.

House Brooms, bound three times, special bargain, each..... 9c
6-quart Flaring Pails, blackwood handle..... 6c
Fancy Handle Toy Brooms, each.... 6c
Decorated Hotel Slop Jars, all colors.29c
Best American Sheet-Iron Stovepipe, a length..... 9c
Fancy Japanned Handle Rolling-Pins 6c
Durable and Nicely Japanned Dustpans..... 5c
Decorated Cuspidors, in all colors, special sale..... 24c
Earthenware Teapots, 3 pints each..14c
Cups and Saucers, white graniteware, one-half dozen.....33c
Large Tumblers, best clear glass, one-half dozen.....19c
2-quart White Granite Pitchers.....24c
Fancy Barrels of Tacks, each..... 3c
12-Cup Muffin Pans, extra heavy, each 6c
Extra Large Yellow Earthen Bowls..15c
Solid Round Handle Basting Spoons, 12 inches long..... 3c

CANNED GOODS.

FRUIT—	Per can.	Per doz.
3-lb cans Baltimore Pie Peaches.	8c	$ .95
3-lb cans Nanticoke Yellow Peaches	10c	1.18
3-lb cans Bonanza California Yellow Table Peaches	11c	1.32
3-lb cans Valley California Yellow Peaches	12c	1.44
3-lb cans West Coast California Yellow Peaches	13c	1.50
3-lb cans Gold Spike California Yellow Peaches	14c	1.60
3-lb cans Pasadena Crawford California Peaches	18c	2.10
3-lb cans Madronia Lemon Cling Cal. Peaches	19c	2.25
3-lb cans Valley Cal. Pears	12½c	1.50
3-lb cans Sunset Cal. Pears	15c	1.65
3-lb cans Criterion California Apricots	12½c	1.50
3-lb cans Eagle Cal. Apricots	15c	1.70
3-lb cans Cal. Muscat Grapes	12½c	1.50
3-lb cans Selano Cal. Egg Plums	10c	1.15
3-lb cans San Lorenzo California Egg Plums	12½c	1.50
3-lb cans San Lorenzo California Green Gages	12½c	1.50
3-lb cans Cal. White Cherries	25c	2.50
2-lb cans Plymouth Rock Sliced Pineapples	15c	1.60
2-lb cans Clover Leaf Sliced Pineapples	17c	1.90
2-lb cans Union Abaco Grated Pineapples	17c	1.90
VEGETABLES—		
2-lb cans Lounsderry N. Y., Corn	7c	.80
2- lb cans Paxton Sweet Corn.	8c	1.05
2-lb cans Baby Sugar Corn	10c	1.10
(This corn is like the babies—tender and sweet.)		
3-lb cans Trophy Solid Meat Tomatoes	9c	1.08
3-lb cans Perfection Extra Tomatoes	10c	1.18
Solid Meat Gallon Tomatoes	30c	3.30
2-lb cans My Favorite Early June Peas	8c	.95
2-lb cans Oregon Sweet Peas	9c	1.00
2-lb cans Best Sifted Early June Peas	12½c	1.40
2-lb cans Tom Extra Sifted Early June Peas	17c	2.00
2-lb cans Stringless Beans	7c	.80
2-lb cans Oxford Lima Beans	10c	1.10
3-lb cans Boston Baked Beans	10c	1.10
3-lb cans Pie Pumpkin	7c	.75
2-lb cans Extra Succotash	10c	1.29
MILK, FISH, ETC.—		
Tip Top Condensed Milk	9c	1.00
Leader Condensed Milk	10c	1.15
Monroe Condensed Milk	11c	1.30
Valley Elgin Condensed Milk	12c	1.40
St. Charles Cream	15c	1.70
Gail Borden's Eagle Milk	16c	1.80
1-lb cans Sterling Red Alaska Salmon	9c	1.08
Flat cans Salmon Cutlets	20c	2.35
1-lb cans B. & M. Lobsters	21c	2.30
1-lb cans Mackerel	10c	1.18
1-lb cans Little Neck Clams		
3-lb cans Little Neck Clams		
1-4 Sardines in Oil	4c	.48
3-4 Mustard Sardines	8c	.95
Fancy Imported Sardines	10c	1.15
Lukrebec Imported Sardines in good oil	12½c	1.40
Gillett's 1-4 Imported Sardines	15c	1.70

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H. R. Eagle & Co.'s "Best" Minnesota Patent Flour - $4.29

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H. R. EAGLE & CO.'s "Best" Minnesota Patent Flour in Bags:

25-lb Bags, each	49 cts
50-lb Bags, each	99 cts
98-lb Bags, each	$1.99
Bohemian Rye Flour, per bri	$3.49

H. R. EAGLE & CO., 68 & 70 Wabash Av.

DERNBURG, GLICK & HORNER.

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Largest Business Ever Done In One Week.

Business during the past week has been phenomenal. Never (except during Christmas time) did we sell so many goods. Each day our store was packed with buyers. Astonishment prevailed. It takes time, though, to sell $350,000 worth of surplus merchandise in excess of our regular assortment, but we are determined to reduce this surplus (if prices will do it) should it take the whole of November and December. Last week was an introduction, but this week will be a lasting remembrance to all who take advantage of the extraordinary inducements.

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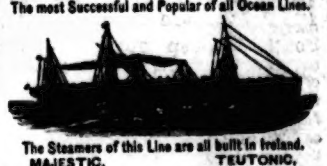

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BREWERS and BOTTLERS of the CELEBRATED SALVATOR BEER. PILSENER BEER.

No. 1893 Men's Size. The World's Fair Watch. Solid Gold Decorated Watch. 14k. Gold Filled Case. Price $25.00.

No. 1893 is a genuine Waltham watch in one of the handsomest cases ever made. The works are nickel and contain compensation balance, safety pinion, stem wind and set and all the greatest improvements. The case is one of the thinnest filled gold watch cases over made. Remember, we mean that the watch when closed in the pocket is thin. The lids of the case are the usual thickness, and form a perfect protection for the movement. The case is made of a plate of fine composition metal, over which two heavy sheets of 14k. gold are drawn, making a case that is for all purposes as good as solid gold, and warranted for 20 years. Every part which is subjected to constant wear, such as the ring, thumb-piece, joint plugs, hinges, etc., is of solid gold. The works as especially recommended where the most accurate time is required. This is just the watch for doctors, lawyers, clergymen, county committeemen, railroadmen and all others who wish a really first-class article. The full-size figure of Columbus on the back is made of raised solid gold. In his hand he holds a flag. On the front is a raised gold representation of the western hemisphere which is accurate in every detail. Around this "world" is a solid gold wreath. We shall withdraw this offer very soon because there are very few of these watches left. The supply will probably be exhausted by Dec. 1. Returnable in three days if not as guaranteed. Price, including safe delivery, only $25, in hunting case, and $23 in open face. Address

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This excellent Hotel, freshly furnished and equipped throughout in first rate style, thoroughly fireproof and with unsurpassed facilities for heating, ventilating, etc, is well worthy the attention of intending visitors. The manager, Mr. N. D. Laughlin, gives his personal attention to seeing that each and all of his guests are made as comfortable as possible. The position of Gore's European Hotel especially commends itself as being central to all the principal railway depots, theatres, etc, of the city. Attached to the Hotel is a first-class Restaurant.

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Best Sample Tea	30c
Best Japan Dust	10c
Fine Teas, all kinds	25c
Fancy Teas, all kinds	35c
Best Japan in the World	50c
Best Teas, all kinds	60c

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AGENTS

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181 LaSalle-st, Chicago

Telephone 523.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON STREET.

ESTATE OF JOHN REYNOLDS, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of John Reynolds, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A.D. 1894, being the 15th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 19, 1893.

PATRICK J. McCARTHY, Administrator of said estate.

David Sullivan, Attorney for said estate.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF ROBERT FITZGIBBONS, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Robert Fitzgibbons, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1894, being the 15th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, October 27, 1893.

WILLIAM KIRBY, Administrator of said estate.

David Sullivan Attorney for estate.

THOMAS McENERNY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, ROOM 19, 69 DEARBORN-ST.

ESTATE OF MARGARET HANLEY, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Margaret Hanley, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January A.D. 1894, being the 15th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 16, 1893.

WILLIAM HANLEY, Administrator.

Thomas McEnerny, Attorney.

$12.50. $12.50.

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